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The

Cresset

O. P. KRETZMANN, *Editor*

JOHN STRIETELMEIER, *Managing Editor*

VICTOR F. HOFFMANN, *Associate Managing Editor*

ROBERT W. BERTRAM, *Associate Managing Editor*

IN THE OCTOBER CRESSET - - -

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In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

A Cure for Tired Blood

We have blundered upon what we believe to be a sure-fire way to test one's emotional stability: wait for a day when you are troubled with a heavy cold in the head and spend that day contemplating the record of the Eighty-seventh Congress. If, at the end of the day, you can still hope that the Republic will survive, you are an emotional Cephas.

This is the Congress that could find no way to provide reasonable medical care for the aged, but could break a tradition of thirty-five years standing to push through legislation creating a communications cartel for International Telephone and Telegraph. This is the Congress that never got around to doing anything about the urgent needs of the nation's schools or about the nation's disastrous and bankrupt farm policy or about civil rights, but found time to meddle in the President's conduct of the economic phase of the Cold War. This is the Congress which talked interminably about tax reform but did nothing about it, largely because too many of its senior committee chairmen were involved in a childish quarrel about the relative prestige of its two houses.

There have, perhaps, been worse Congresses, but surely few so unproductive. And the reason why this is so, we would suggest, is that the Congressional seniority system has carried too many tired, unimaginative old hacks into positions of almost autocratic power, particularly in the House of Representatives. It is understandable that they should feel a strong affection for the past, in which some of them served their country very well. But it is intolerable that they should be permitted so large a measure of control over the present, which they do not understand, or the future, which they are apparently unable to envision.

The sorry record of these past twenty months should give us additional reason to take our right of suffrage more seriously than ever before next month. Party labels mean very little. Hubert Humphrey and Herman Talmadge are both Democrats, Jacob Javits and Karl Mundt are both Republicans. What we need to do is look behind the label to the man. The straight-ticket voter is the political hack's best friend. Here and there, both parties are offering candidates who know the world of the 1960's and who are not afraid of its challenges. Their election to Congress would be the indispensable first step toward those larger reforms which must ultimately be made in the rules and procedures of the Congress itself. But in most cases they will not be elected unless a fair number of voters break with the lazy habits of the past and take the time to do a bit of discriminating ballot-scratching.

Some Evaluations and Recommendations

When we said that there are first-rate men in both parties, we were not merely making a gesture toward nonpartisanship. There are such men, some of them candidates for re-election this year, and we would like to give them a plug.

On the Democratic side, good men seeking re-election this year are Senators Ernest Gruening of Alaska; J. William Fulbright of Arkansas; A. S. Mike Monroney of Oklahoma; Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania; and Warren G. Magnuson of Washington. On the Republican side, we think highly of Senators Thomas H. Kuchel of California; Thruston B. Morton of Kentucky; Jacob K. Javits of New York; and George D. Aiken of Vermont. And partly for sentimental reasons, partly for the sake of maintaining intelligent and responsible minority leadership in the Senate, we hope that the Honorable Everett McKinley Dirksen will be back at the old stand come January, playing, as only he can play it, the role of the artful innocent.

We shall not attempt to separate the sheep from the goats in the House of Representatives. The work of the House is such that an individual member must, almost of necessity, specialize in some particular aspect

of the work, and some of the best men are hardly known outside their own constituencies and the House itself. But we have a formidable list of M.C.'s whose retirement would contribute notably to the public welfare. Unfortunately, most of them represent safe rural districts in the South or equally safe boss-controlled urban districts in the North. So why dream? But probably the greatest single service the average citizen can render his country this year is casting a cold, objective eye over his candidates for the House. And if neither candidate appears to have the qualifications which the office demands, it is perfectly good citizenship to cast a ballot of silence by refusing to vote for either candidate.

Incidentally, most states also elect members of their state legislatures this year. By and large, the state legislative scene is one of wall-to-wall mediocrity, relieved by an occasional splotch of competence and a few stains of venality. It is unlikely that most of our readers even know the names of their representatives in the state Senate and House of Representatives, but we would suggest that if they are as concerned as their letters indicate about the growth of Federal power at the expense of the states, they take a close look at whom they send to their legislature. They might get quite a shock.

The Wall

The first thing that has to be said about the infamous wall that divides East and West Berlin is that there would never have been a divided Berlin if the Germans had not lost a war in which they attempted to do to others what others have since done to them. So, for the Germans, the wall is, or should be, a tangible reminder that the Lord God is a jealous God Who visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of those who hate Him. It is the exhortation of the Apocalypse cast in steel and concrete: "Be zealous, therefore, and repent."

The second thing that has to be said about the wall is that it stands as a warning to other nations, our own included, that God balances the scales of history. To paraphrase our Lord: "Think ye that the Germans are sinners above all others?" What walls are we building for our children and grandchildren, what miseries are we laying up for our descendants to the third and fourth generation by our national sins?

But having said both of these things, it is necessary to say yet a third thing: that this wall gives the ultimate and absolute lie to all of the idealistic pretensions of Communism. It exists for one purpose only, and that is to deny men and women a free choice between the kind of life which a Communist "people's republic" has to offer them and the kind of life which a democratic state has to offer them. No one pretends that the wall stands there to stem a flood of poor, tired, huddled masses yearning to find freedom in the Marxist workers' paradise. It stands there to prevent workers and peasants and intellectuals from streaming out into the "capitalist-imperialist jungle."

The wall is an evil thing and must ultimately go. But perhaps, for the time being, it has its uses — uses never intended by those who built it. In Africa, in Asia, in South America there are millions to whom the claims of Communism must still seem attractive. Even in western Europe and in North America there are still some who persist in believing that the remedies for man's ills lie in the Pandora's box of Communism. We should make sure that they know about the wall and what it means. And we should make it equally clear that the man who conceived this monstrous thing is Nikita S. Khrushchev, the same Khrushchev whose image-makers have sought to portray him as a reasonable, avuncular type with whom the West could do business if only it were not so irrationally suspicious.

The Vatican Council

Christians of all denominations who have received "grace seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions" will follow with prayerful concern the deliberations of this fall's Vatican Council. The Roman Catholic Church is our mother, from whose house we are, for the time being, absent in obedience to our Lord's demand, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." We hope for the day when the invisible fellowship which we share with all Christians will once more be a visible reality in the fellowship of one Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church.

At the moment, the barriers to such a restored fellowship seem altogether insuperable. On the Protestant side there is a deplorable glorying in the shame of our denominationalism and an uncharitable delight in putting the worst construction on those things which we do not understand in Roman Catholicism. On the Roman side, there are still those who insist that nothing is needed to restore the unity of the Church but the repeal of the Reformation and a reenactment of Canossa. And so the two great branches of Western Christendom speak to each other across a great gulf, four hundred years deep, which only the Spirit of God can bridge.

It would be foolish and irresponsible to suggest that the reunion of Western Christendom can be achieved by reconciling any one or two points of difference. And yet, if a beginning is to be made at all, it must be made somewhere. We believe that there are two areas within which the Vatican Council could work toward re-establishing a framework of discussion with Protestants. The first of these is the doctrine of authority in the Church, and the second is the whole problem of the role of Mary in the drama of redemption.

There are, we believe, many Protestants who are willing to recognize that the Bishop of Rome occupies a kind of position of primacy *inter pares* in the Church. This dignity does not, however, in our judgment con-

fer upon him any power to enunciate dogma nor does it entitle him to claim any supremacy over the temporal authorities. We would be willing to show reverence and honor to a Bishop of Rome whose role was really that of the first servant of the servants of Christ. But our Roman brethren will surely appreciate our frankness, if not our tact, when we say that the trappings of the papal court and the claims of infallibility which the Popes have made leave the impression that they conceive of themselves as lords over God's heritage – a claim which St. Paul specifically forbids them to make.

With respect to Marianism, the differences which divide Western Christendom are, if anything, more profound than those which divide them on the question of authority. The issue for Protestants is simply this, that they are unwilling to give to anyone else, even His blessed mother, the glory to which Christ alone is entitled in the Church. Confessing Christ alone as Mediator and Redeemer, Protestants consider it idolatry to acknowledge any other mediator between God and man; and confessing Christ alone as Redeemer, they pray that Rome will not make the division within Western Christendom unbridgeable by yielding to the growing pressure to proclaim Mary Co-Redemptrix.

If our Roman brethren could be led to re-assert the supremacy of the Scriptures as the *only* rule of faith and life in the Church and the uniqueness of Jesus Christ as the *only* Redeemer and Mediator between God and man, this fall's council could prove to be another Chalcedon. But if it concerns itself with lesser issues, we will be able to see it as nothing more than the international convention of another Christian sect.

Magazines in Trouble

Several months ago we commented on the problems of the American steel industry and we hope we showed a sympathetic concern for an industry in which we had no direct investment. This month we would like to call attention to the problems of an industry in which we have a vital stake and which we believe is, in its own way, as important to the nation as is the steel industry. This is the magazine business.

We will start with a confession of sins. No one knows better than a magazine editor how shoddy and meretricious many magazines are. We spent many a dreary hour in train stations this past summer looking over the magazine displays and we feel as though we had been swimming through a sewer. But the irony of it is that these junk magazines are in no trouble. It is the good magazines which fold or which teeter precariously on the brink of financial calamity.

Take, for example, the really excellent magazine, *USA* 1. Here was the kind of magazine any responsible, first-rate editor might have put together if he had been given a free hand and told to do his stuff. But it never caught on, and the last we heard it had "merged" with something called *Show*.

Or take the *Saturday Evening Post*. We have heard all of the criticisms of the *Post,* but for a mass-circulation magazine it has done a remarkably fine job, particularly in recent years. In the section called "Speaking Out," for instance, it has given a forum to opinions which even some of the self-consciously intellectual magazines have considered too hot to handle. But the *Post* is in trouble, as is also its distinguished sister, the *Ladies Home Journal*. And there is as yet no assurance that changes in the management of the Curtis Publishing Company will improve their prospects.

We have no quarrel with an economic system that sets a rule of "profit or perish." But we do believe that this rule derives its validity from the assumption that it operates within a society which is willing and able to make intelligent value judgments. There are those of us who believe that magazines have something better to contribute to our common life that gossip about the private lives of movie and TV celebrities or fold-out enticements to concupiscence. We are not about to put Liz Taylor on our covers or fill our pages with sentimental slush. But the squeeze is on – from rising paper costs, rising labor costs, competition with television, the intrusion of other interests into time once reserved for reading – and no one in the magazine business is wildly optimistic about the future.

A Colleague Goes to Jail

Of the many honors which have come to members of our staff in the past twenty-five years, none was greater than that which came to our contributing editor, Dr. Andrew Schulze, on August 28, when he was arrested and jailed for participating in a demonstration against segregation in Albany, Georgia. Dr. Schulze was one of a group of Northern clergymen and laymen who went to Albany for the purpose of lending moral support to Dr. Martin Luther King and his associates in their campaign of non-violent disobedience to the racial laws of that community.

Albany officials were understandably irritated by what they considered the unwarranted intrusion of these "Northern agitators" into what they insist on regarding as a local problem. The chief of police, probably as reluctant as most public officials to jail members of the clergy, asked them why they didn't stay at home and do something about the problem of segregation in their own communities. The answer, of course, is that these men had been doing a great deal about the problem, some of them for several decades. Their presence in Albany was comparable to that of combat-tried veterans called in to reinforce a particularly hard-pressed sector of a battle line.

In any case, violation of the constitutional rights of American citizens is not, and can not be, a purely local problem. Thomas Jefferson made it clear as far back as the war with the Barbary pirates that American power protects the rights of the American citizen even

beyond the borders of the nation, and if this is true certainly it must be at least equally true that the denial of a citizen's rights within the borders of his own country is a matter of concern to all of us. Small towns such as Albany, Georgia, are not autonomous little duchies, but communities within one indivisible nation which claims to extend liberty and justice to all.

But does a citizen have the right to set himself up as a judge of what laws he will obey and what laws he will disobey? What about the apostolic injunction to "be subject to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake"?

To this we would answer that the first and great commandment of the Law is: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength," and the second commandment is like unto it: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." No law which forbids obedience to these two great commandments is of any force or validity. It is manifestly impossible to show love to a neighbor by robbing him of his dignity as a man, and laws which seek to accomplish such a purpose must be disobeyed. Dr. Schulze and his colleagues were in good company when they went to jail because "we must obey God rather than men." It is we who have not been in jail who ought to be embarrassed, not they.

Wish We Had Said It

A recent issue of the *Lutheran Witness* carried an editorial which we wish we had written. Since we didn't, we shall quote the paragraphs which particularly struck us:

> If the church is to communicate her message to audiences that become utterly bored with the best entertainment on earth, her speakers and writers must refrain from stereotypes. They must proclaim sin and grace in language as fresh and new as God's daily mercies: in vivid, forceful, captivating, stirring words. For while divine truth is constant, language shifts and changes, gaining new strength from the currents of the present, losing old forms in the backwaters of the past.
>
> But what if a writer happens to stray from some trail of Scriptural truth? Even a critical reading of his work by others may fail to uncover the deviation. And there it stands in cold print!
>
> Shouldn't Christians judge the writer by the entire thrust of his article? Wouldn't Christian love suggest asking him for a clarification? Should the writer be "tried by journalism," convicted, and sentenced without being permitted to defend himself?

It was to the first paragraph of this editorial that we found ourself speaking an especially fervent Amen. This is the problem: how to get a hearing, even for the Word of God, in an age which is bombarded with the sounds of many voices, most of them exhorting us to this or that line of action. Somehow, in this welter of exhortation to "buy a real cigarette," to "support your heart fund," to "write today," to "visit Nickey's Chevrolet," to "send four box-tops," the eye and the ear learn to ignore all imperative statements, including even such gracious invitations as "Believe and be saved" or "Come unto me, all ye that labor."

The profoundest of truths, the most gracious of invitations, if repeated often enough in the same words becomes a cliche. "God so loved the world," when it was first exploded upon an incredulous world by the pen of St. John, carried all of the impact of a revelation. But those same words, spoken today in a Sunday morning sermon, say, quite literally, nothing at all. They are too familiar to catch anyone's attention, and "love," as we understand it, is a far lesser thing than it was to St. John.

So the writer tries to restore the grandeur of the revelation by clothing it in new words. And sometimes he succeeds and sometimes he doesn't. Sometimes, in trying to restore its shine, he blunts its point. Sometimes, in trying to call attention to it, he vulgarizes it. Sometimes, in trying to re-emphasize one neglected facet of it, he obscures equally important facets. Words are surly and unwilling servants. They have to be watched constantly, for at the slightest opportunity they will go tearing off, like the crazed Gadarene swine, in directions which they were never intended to go.

The temptation, then, is to play it safe, to use the old words, the whole phrases, the old formulae. They are safe because they are dead, and like well-embalmed corpses they may look better dead than when they were still alive. Throw in a *sola gratia* here and a reference to "justification by faith" there and almost any kind of nonsense can pass for Lutheran. But translate Luther literally and idiomatically into English and you are in trouble, for Luther does not speak in the cliches of piety.

But whatever the risks, the writer who really believes that God has something to say to the world of the 1960's must try to speak His words in the language of the 1960's, a "language as fresh and new as God's daily mercies." Some of us have the skill to do it, most of us do not. But we would join the editor of the *Witness* in an appeal to our brethren to at least let us try, and to be charitable with us when we fail.

AD LIB.

America the Cluttered

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

WE Americans seem determined to offend the eyes and ears of our fellow-Americans in every way possible. Anyone who has travelled our country's highways, for example, is well aware of the fact that we are far ahead of the Russians in one respect, that of empty beer can production. You don't have to go far to see the evidence, because most roads are strewn with beer cans and bottles and similar types of litter.

In picnic grounds a few conscientious people still use the baskets set up to collect trash, but it seems the majority prefer to leave cans, bottles, and paper plates right where they were used. State parks are fighting an apparently losing battle to keep their grounds free of trash because those I have seen always had their familiar mounds of litter in unlikely spots. In the Indiana Dunes State Park, it is no longer possible to have an enjoyable run down a sandy hill, because now there are cans, and, worse, broken bottles scarring the face of the dunes. Bottles and cans have now taken over in formerly remote, pleasant picnic areas in the hidden recesses of the dunes.

This summer a friend was driving us over an abandoned road which cuts through a forest preserve in Wisconsin. It was probably an old logging road, but it has long been unused and the track is covered with pine needles. The forest closes in on either side of the road, and as we drove slowly along it occurred to us that this was the forest primeval. It was, until we came to a very small clearing deep in the forest where we sighted the too-familiar mound of beer cans.

While almost every state has anti-litter laws, these are most difficult to enforce. Many more people are travelling now than formerly and I would gather they are becoming indifferent to the feelings of others. I'm afraid this is another manifestation of that old selfish "I'm all right, Jack" attitude.

A slightly different assault to the eye is furnished at the entrance of most towns on the highways. First there is a forest of signs advertising the local businesses, and these are followed by a line of used-car lots, all decorated with strings of bare light bulbs. Interspersed are taverns which may look attractive at night, but in the daytime have the appearance of temporary structures in an old Western town. Dusty gravel driveways lead to these and other businesses on the approaches to town. Overhead on either side of the road is a jungle of neon signs which, because of their very number, become almost meaningless.

Once the tourist has run the gauntlet of the outlying businesses, he still has one or two stark and treeless subdivisions to traverse before he reaches the town proper. Approaching a town by railroad seldom gives one an attractive view of the city, but it is still preferable, since there is at least some order in the industrial area, to the jumble presented on the highway through town.

The assault on the ear is more noticeable when travelling, but it can still be experienced in one's home town. This is the wide use of portable transistor radios. At any ball game, at any park, at a concert, at the beach, even walking along the street, the tinny sound of a transistor radio is audible. Time was when these squawk boxes were carried only by teen-agers, but this is no longer the case. Adults can now be seen and heard, transistor in hand, almost anywhere, and seemingly everywhere. The only thing transistor radio owners have in common is an addiction to the most inane music available.

All the music emanating from the miniature speaker sounds alike, and if it were not for the fact that we are at peace with the Japanese, I would suspect them of not building a radio at all but a small phonograph containing a long playing record which featured Chubby Checkers. I don't object to anyone's listening to this tripe himself, but I do object to his inflicting his poor taste on everyone in a 30-foot radius.

Why would anyone want to listen to a radio when he could be observing the beauties of Nature or the excitement of a ball game, or listening to the finer music of a concert? I wouldn't know, but I can only presume the radio owners have a great fear of silence, that they dread the moment when they may have to face themselves or, worse, be required to think.

If this assault on the eye and ear becomes a trend, the prospects for vacation travel in the future lose some of their allure. I, for one, am not anticipating with joy some future vacation when my activity may be limited to glancing over a vista of litter lighted by purple neon while listening to some fellow-tourist's transistor radio.

T.S. Eliot--Christian Intellectual? *

By Arthur Beringause
Assistant Professor of English
Queens College

WITHOUT doubt one of the truly great literary figures of our time, T. S. Eliot is widely regarded as a most Christian and a highly intellectual poet. These aspects of Eliot, oddly enough, have been infrequently and inadequately treated by his critics who have not as yet traced the various ways in which Eliot has looked at and pictured the nature of reality. While Yvor Winters is fault-finding, R. P. Blackmur is slight because indirect. Kristian Smidt and Hugh Kenner made a good beginning, but only a beginning.

There are, Smidt suggests, many ways of focusing attention on Eliot's work: aesthetic, anthropological, cultural, ethical, historical, ideological, linguistic, philosophic, phychological. We shall deal with them all and yet concentrate on one. An ideological approach, precisely because it places attention on meaning, enables the reader to elucidate this poet's most difficult verse and to clarify important but misconstrued aspects of Eliot's career and his many attempts to come to grips with some of the most fundamental problems humankind can face.

When exploring ideas working themselves out through Eliot's treatment of religion in his poetry, it is a good idea to let Eliot himself set the range of the investigation. An early and a late poem will do to mark off the limits. The early poem is relatively easy. The late poem is very difficult.

The early first. Eliot begins *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*:

> Let us go then, you and I,
> When the evening is spread out against the sky
> Like a patient etherised upon a table;
> Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
> The muttering retreats
> Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
> And sawdust restaurants with oyster shells:
> Streets that follow like a tedious argument
> Of insidious intent
> To lead you to an overwhelming question . . .
> Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
> Let us go and make our visit.

We shall ask "What is it?" and we shall "make our visit." But first let us look at a later and much more difficult poem. In *Four Quartets* Eliot meditates:

> Time present and time past
> Are both perhaps present in time future,
> And time future contained in time past.
> If all time is eternally present
> All time is unredeemable.
> What might have been is an abstraction
> Remaining a perpetual possibility
> Only in a world of speculation.
> What might have been and what has been
> Point to one end, which is always present.
> Footfalls echo in the memory . . .

He concludes:

> At the still point of the turning world. Neither flesh nor fleshness;
> Neither from nor towards; at the still point, there the dance is,
> But neither arrest nor movement. And do not call it fixity,
> Where past and future are gathered. Neither movement from nor towards,
> Neither ascent nor decline. Except for the point, the still point,
> There would be no dance, and there is only the dance.
> I can only say, *there* we have been: but I cannot say where.
> And I cannot say, how long, for that is to place it in time.

Despite their difficulty, Eliot's poems open readily to an ideological approach. All his works are transcriptions of experience, the consequence of deep feeling and much speculation. And so there is a valid basis on which to proceed. The field is clear, exploration practicable.

It would be instructive along the way to trace with the critics the influence of many writers on Eliot. There is Joyce, who swayed him powerfully even though their working methods seem so different. Joyce, moving out from a few insights and many ideas, took 786 pages to reveal the paralysis of Dublin. Eliot, moving in toward many insights and few ideas, took 433 lines to portray the death-in-life of London. There is the relationship of Eliot and Pound, or Arnold Bennett, or Virginia Woolf, or any of a host of other writers. For Eliot, scholar and conscientious craftsman, remained under the tutelage of contemporaries until he was well past thirty years of age. And, of course, he never ceased learning from writers of the past.

But it will be more fruitful to deal strictly with the influences on religion in Eliot's poetry. For that purpose two classifications are necessary. As part of a tentative definition, one can divide religion into three phases: the search for ideal values in the ideal life; the practices considered necessary for the search; and the

*An abbreviated version of this paper was read to the Newman Club of Queens College on October 11, 1961.

theology or world view needed to encompass search, practices, and their relationship to the universe. Purely for convenience, one may divide Eliot's career into three stages: early, with the chief characteristic being religious doubt; middle, with the outstanding trait being spiritual conviction and the quest for adoption of a specific religion; and late, with the outstanding preoccupation being construction of a religious philosophy. Dates, chosen exactly, would limit and bind for many reasons, some of which are the fragmentary composition of the poems, balance with events in Eliot's life, analogies with his prose. The periods of Eliot's career, nevertheless, may be loosely divided as follows — early: through the Sweeney poems and ending about 1920; middle: past *The Waste Land* to *Ash Wednesday* and 1930; late: including *Four Quartets* and the plays, and continuing on to this very moment.

There is one hazard. "Footfalls echo in the memory . . ." warns Eliot. And so they do to readers of his poetry. It is almost as if all his work were one continuous poem. Traces of the early poems reverberate in the later and produce uncanny effects. Allusions are added to symbols used heretofore, thus piling up meaning on meaning until the reader knows not where to stop. The reader feels compelled to return to the earlier poems in search of meanings he did not recognize but which he now perceives were there, latent and implied. The reader feels almost as though Eliot has deliberately returned to what was originally an inchoate explication in hopes of achieving an integrated and completed summary of his life experience. Thus, even as M. C. Bradbrook has warned, it is easy in view of what the reader knows of the later poems to distort the earlier and their significance.

Early Eliot

Eliot, scion of a Unitarian family, was always concious of moral and spiritual values, but he lost his thin religious belief rather early. At Harvard he read the works of the neo-idealist, F. H. Bradley, especially *Appearance and Reality*: *A Metaphysical Essay* (1893), and was overwhelmed. Eliot decided to take his doctorate in philosophy, specializing in idealism and writing on Bradley. He completed the required work — even the thesis, a defense of Bradley's skepticism. But World War I held him back from obtaining the degree.

Bradley's theories influenced Eliot profoundly, and they are directly reflected in the poetry. Holding that we can never know other than appearance if we depend on logic and experience, Bradley insisted that each of us is a prisoner of his personality, which colors the world so that we can never perceive accurately. We can never communicate fully with another human being because we distort experience. Only through intuition is it possible to glimpse true reality. The difficulty with such a glimpse, though, is that memory distorts the experience. Therefore, contends Bradley, we can never know anything except that we know nothing.

No wonder that in his early poems Eliot views the world as a series of evanescent impressions. In *Morning at the Window* he is "aware of the damp souls of housemaids" and of a passerby's smile "that hovers in the air/ And vanishes along the level of the roofs." "The morning comes to consciousness," Eliot says in *Preludes* "With the other masquerades/ That time resumes," and he complains that he has "watched the night revealing/ The thousand sordid images/Of which your soul was constituted . . ." What Eliot accomplishes here is the melting of any distinction between the outer and inner life, so that in line with Bradley's dicta we do not know what true reality is. The reader, the poet tries to convey, can know only impressions, only appearances. Even those cannot be trusted. In *Rhapsody on a Windy Night* Eliot intones: "The memory throws up high and dry/A crowd of twisted things . . ."

Bradley reinforces the theme of loneliness and isolation so apparent in the early Eliot. *Conversation Galante* and *Hysteria* portray the inability of even sensitive people to feel with one another and to communicate, for the days burst into "fragments" and one person's mood causes misinterpretation of that of another: "our mad poetics to confute." Eliot, following Bradley, views love as frustration in *Portrait of a Lady*, where he remarks: "My self-possession gutters; we are really in the dark." *La Figlia Che Piange* pictures man's inability to maintain human ties or his connection with true reality:

> So I would have had him leave,
> So I would have had her stand and grieve,
> So he would have left
> As the soul leaves the body torn and bruised,
> As the mind deserts the body it has used.

Not all is Bradley. Like many another young man Eliot enjoys ripping and tearing at the high and mighty. In *Mr. Appolinax* he sneers at Bertrand Russell, the world renowned philosopher "whose passionate talk devoured the afternoon" albeit in a "dry" (and thus unproductive) fashion. And there is much blasphemy in the early poems, as in *Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service*, where Eliot receives wry enjoyment from the contrast between Sweeney in his bath and Christ baptized in the Jordan.

Notwithstanding the shell of self-assurance, there are intimations of schizophrenia and fear in Eliot's early period as in *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*, wherein neither Eliot nor Prufrock dare to ask the "overwhelming question" and "force the moment [of Bradleyan intuition and perception of true reality] to its crisis." Prufrock's description of God as "the eternal Footman" reflects the sophistication and terror implicit throughout Eliot's writings in his early period.

Middle Eliot

During the second stage of his career, Eliot searched almost desperately for a world culture as well as for order and authority. Europe seemed to be falling apart before his very eyes. Philosophy offered little but clues to clues to the meaning of it all. And so he turns to science and religion, an odd but vital coupling, for insight into the history and destiny of the human race.

Eliot, as we have seen, had always had mystical hints in his own memory of a vanished spiritual past but because of Bradley he could not trust them. Now he leans on anthropology for guidance. Such a book as Frazer's *The Golden Bough,* he insists, should be regarded as a revelation of a vanished mind of which ours is the continuation. In *The Waste Land,* therefore, Eliot deals with fertility rites which hint at fundamental and eternal religious truths. Nor does Eliot neglect the experience of other individuals. He draws on the works of many authors and of many historical personages. His quest is like that of Omar in Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat,* who sought from scholarly and pious men the secret of life, of some sign of the permanent in the temporary.

Eliot also studies various and sundry of the world's religions. Always interested in Patanjali, reputedly the founder of Yoga, Eliot calls for discipline and asceticism. The passionless peace of Hinduism and the *Bhagavad-Gita* attracts him as does the Nirvana of Buddhism. More and more he turns to mysticism. Thus "Datta," "Dayadhvam," and "Damyatta," admonitions of the thunder (that is, of God) in *The Waste Land,* indicate man's need to surrender to something outside himself if he is to transcend his isolation and escape the disorder of his own spirit by establishing contact with true reality. In this way, thinks Eliot, modern man can reinherit and revitalize the European tradition. *The Waste Land,* as a result, ends with "Shantih," which signifies union with the divine, the only abode of true existence. Eliot would take his grist to a mystic miller.

The findings of psychology seemed to reinforce Eliot's religious researches. Freud had guessed that in our minds linger hints and relics of the past of all mankind. Jung went further, postulating a collective unconscious, that is the idea that each of us inherits in his unconscious mind a storehouse of all the important spiritual experiences of the human race. These, asserts Jung, can be communicated by means of archetypal images, images which throughout the history of man have held the same (or very nearly the same) values – as darkness for evil, light for heavenly radiance.

Christianity for many reasons exerts the most powerful attraction on Eliot, as we shall see, even though he later calls it in *The Idea of a Christian Society* not a religion but a dogma with intellectual laws. Acceptance came hard. In *The Hollow Men* Bradley, who refused to admit that the mind through logical relations can turn potentiality into actuality, once again interferes. Says Eliot:

> Between the idea
> And the reality
> Between the motion
> And the act
> Falls the shadow

As yet Eliot has not formed a philosophy either to counter or to incorporate Bradley's "disillusioned skepticism." This he develops slowly, ever so slowly, after his conversion in 1927 to the Anglican faith. Thus it is that at last in *Ash Wednesday* Eliot finds himself. Cleverly he chooses the one day of the church calendar when a man of little belief would feel most at home. This is not to say that the poem is an escape from the problems of life raised by Bradley. Quite the reverse. After years of thought and study, Eliot finds true reality by unfolding and directly exploring the traditional symbols of the Anglican Church: the Virgin, God the Father, and the Holy Ghost. At last Eliot can

> pray to God to have mercy upon us
> And I pray that I may forget
> These matters that with myself I too much discuss
> Too much explain

In this dramatic portrayal of his achievement of belief despite the complexities of existence, Eliot finally rejects the emptiness of his past attitudes. Now that he has come close to union with the divine he feels a renewal of desire for the life of the senses. He has at last asked Prufrock's "overwhelming question," and he has obtained many rewards not the least of which is joy in place of his past hopelessness:

> And the lost heart stiffens and rejoices
> In the lost lilac and the lost sea voices . . .
> And smell renews the salt savor of the sandy earth

Late Eliot

Out of many mystical elements and examples Eliot fuses a system. It is not always coherent, and it contains many paradoxes. He learns much from Christian, if negative, mystics like St. John of the Cross, who would gain reality by denial of such things as earthly love. He learns much from Oriental mystics who teach him control, the denial of his personality. At long last (even though he still agrees with Bradley that, because man's ideas must be mental images, appearance is not true reality) he is able to arrive at the truth by means of intuition. In Bradleyan terms, he reaches true reality "by going beyond the finite centre into the absolute."

A chief symbol for Eliot now is the archetypal image of the wheel. Heraclitus employed the wheel as an indication of ubiquitous and continuous change, as a picture of the fixed in the flux of things. Buddha pictured it as the wheel of fire which purifies man. *The*

Bhagavad-Gita regards the wheel as the symbol of birth and rebirth. Medieval thinkers considered time as a great wheel ever turning but at whose center is the still point, that is, true reality.

Eliot thus overcomes Bradley's objection that time as a standard of comparison is an illusion. Eliot's logic is different from that of Bradley, who had suggested that truth can be reached only by arrangement of experience into relations and qualities. In Eliot's poetry at this stage of his career, time and space are not the governing categories – emotion and mystical moment are. The symbols of *Four Quartets* express Eliot's deepest thoughts and feelings as if they were sensory experiences in the outer world. Where in *The Waste Land* Eliot had employed myth in an attempt to pierce to the truth at the heart of existence because his anthropological studies had convinced him that myth produced the only universal language for human beings, the same in every culture and for every stage of history, in *Four Quartets* Eliot employs mythic reference and symbolic language to penetrate into the deepest layer of his being, into what Bradley had called the one significant source of knowledge and wisdom: "My real personal self which orders my world is in truth inseparably one with the Universe. Behind me the absolute reality works through and in union with myself, and the world which confronts me is at bottom one thing in substance and in power with this reality."

Contemporary science and philosophy appeared to support Eliot's conclusions. Bergson and Einstein had changed previous conceptions of time to show its fluidity and relativity. The thinking of great religious figures of the past seemed to agree! St. Augustine, investigating the possibilities of time, thought that the present influences the past even as the future does the present. And so Eliot finds a way of gaining insight into the destiny of the human race and of obtaining a world culture. He now perceives time as a beginning and ending, as changing but standing still, as a destroyer which preserves, as unredeemable but redeemed. With the conviction of a rationalist he attributes his insight to Christianity and the Anglican tradition.

There is many a neat tie-in of all the elements in Eliot's career in *Four Quartets*. Anthropological lore gives added meaning to the dance around the fire in the first section of "East Coker." The pattern of the dance has links with the philosophy of F. H. Bradley, as well as with that of Aristotle, who also thought that if we could detect a pattern in experience we might apprehend true reality.

A mystical experience of the Whole has transformed for Eliot the character of existence and the range of possible experience. No longer need he worry that appearance is not true reality or fear the imposition of his personality. With all of life fitting into the scheme of things, he can even account for sin. He quotes with approval the assertion of Dame Juliana of Norwich, the late fourteenth-century recluse, "Sin is behovely," that is it serves a good purpose, and thus is a good – in Eliot's case an aesthetic good because sin awakens his feelings in a moral reaction and enables him to write.

Now the poems quoted at the beginning of this exploration of Eliot's ideas can be elucidated. By means of the image of the patient and the evening spread out against the sky in the Prufrock poem, Eliot is trying to say that appearance is only an illusion (this is one image, paradoxically, that cannot be viewed) and that man's major purpose is to search beyond the illusion to the "overwhelming question." The quotations from *Four Quartets* ask and answer the question by conveying Eliot's apprehension of individual experience and his quest for spiritual salvation. The meditation on time illustrates Eliot's idea that while time appears to change it remains the same in the eternal mind, in God. His use of the "still point of the turning world" continues the idea, adding that one can reach true reality only through mysticism which places one in tune with and at the heart of the universe. There, in the mystical state, is the pattern of reality.

Several conclusions can be drawn from our exploration of the ways in which Eliot squeezed out of his feelings, thought, and experience a theological explanation of reality.

The extent to which Eliot's poetry is concerned with religious belief is matched only by the degree of his anxiety to escape from the horror of a civilization in decay. Dominated by scholarship in philosophy and anthropology, Eliot ransacked history and all beliefs so that he could encompass the dilemmas of his time in a belief valid for all time. Mistrusting, then despising, and at last fearing everything local and close – individual judgment, his own personality – Eliot looked for some external authority having nothing to do with accidents of nature and everything to do with reality. The search ever-present in his poetry moved from art and degradation to dogma, from aesthetics to religion and sublimity.

There are many non-Christian elements in this supposedly most Christian of poets. A Buddhist could read many a line of *Four Quartets* without fear of contravening his own belief. Eliot has faith in strange and private teleological visions, and he seeks relief for his feelings outside the Christian religion. He avoids the ideal of the brotherhood of man, and he seems to be searching not for communion but for non-being. This is why he envisions Christianity primarily as a system for organizing a stable society. This is why he joined the Anglican Church rather than some other branch of Christianity, for it is an established church, a part of the government and polity of England, and thus it satisfies his desire for order, control, discipline which in his private life he finds in mysticism.

This seemingly intellectual poet, finding in the self-mortification of Yoga and the austerities of Buddhism answers to his religious needs, gives non-intellectual disciplines first place in his philosophic outlook. He adopts ancient but highly subjective views of reality. In *Four Quartets* he employs the Hindu conception of the lotus as a symbol of true reality of which sensible things are only a fragment. And he reaches the point where he specifically excludes the intellectual from poetry. In *The Music of Poetry* he insists that poetry venture far beyond the mind to a realm where meaningless meanings predominate.

There are many contradictions and changes of ground in Eliot. While accepting Christian dogma as a means not an end, he reaches for something higher and entertains his own visions of reality. In "The Function of Criticism" he states categorically that literature is autotelic, that it is self-governing and can be criticized only on its own terms. In "Religion and Literature" he counters by demanding that literature be judged on Christian concepts of morality and idea.

Withal, T. S. Eliot is not dishonest. Possessed of integrity and courage, he has not feared to reveal himself, his experience, his emotions, his personal and artistic development. The world's greatest living poet, T. S. Eliot looms large on the literary horizon because he has consistently dipped into his blood for ink. He seeks not so much to mix religions as to knit together our cultural inheritance so that we — like him — may bring penitence to living. Today, more than seventy years of age, he accepts the conclusion of *Four Quartets*:

> Old men ought to be explorers
> Here and there does not matter
> We must be still and still moving
> Into another intensity
> For a further union, a deeper communion
> Through the dark cold and the empty desolation,
> The wave cry, the wind cry, the vast waters
> Of the petrel and the porpoise. In my end is my beginning.

AND ADDED ATTRACTIONS

Conspirators wink out at us,
havocs and controversies grimace
from the super-wide screen;
gravestones in New England
say the dead are resting.

We watch exhaling volcanoes,
an avalanche of butterflies,
and life being scowled at
by peons through music
belonging to Bechuanaland.

Hand in hand we sit through
a panorama with hunters
Hemingway-bristled, with
pulsing chests, piggy-backing
or straddling lifeless game.

We don't speak the language,
but blink our understanding,
with half our religion held
in abeyance, and home rendered
as humble as a farmer's credo.

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

THE THIN LINE OF SKY

The poison-ivy covers the hills
Under the pines. The harebells
Shudder on the slopes and beach pea
Purples the sand. In the hollows

The evening primrose breeds
Brittle flowers for winter bouquets.
Dry ponds leave scum and skeletons
Of small, bone-white snails to share

The inevitable sun, bleaching the oil
From the shore. Ore ships glide in
Across the glutted sun, the air stained
By the blossoming flowers of smoke.

Who returns wearily to this place,
Where sea, sky, shore are one shape,
Where the pungent incense of cottonwoods,
Quick grass and old fish rises leisurely?

My feet are hindered in the sand
As I return here unasked to the thin
Line of sky, where even the ships
Are unwelcome shadows on the sun.

PEG CARLSON

When Two Equals One

By James C. Cross
Executive Director
Lutheran Social Welfare Services of Texas

The church, especially its pastor and social workers, continually sees the tragic results of family discord and strife. Almost every counseling situation with which we deal involves a serious breakdown in husband-and-wife relationships, or in parent-child relationships. The number of unwed mothers increases each year . . . marital difficulty abounds . . . an increasing number of children need care away from their own homes, either temporarily or permanently . . . mental illness among parents is increasingly prevalent.

The church connection of our troubled families and children gives us further cause for concern, if not alarm. Contrary to popular belief, most of the people who seek the help of our pastors and social workers are not, so to speak, fringe Lutherans. Instead, the vast majority of our broken homes, illegitimate births, delinquencies, and other social and emotional problems stem from those who are baptized, confirmed, and members in good standing in their congregations. These facts about the church connection of these troubled people is, to a degree, an indictment of how lightly we and our fellow redeemed have often taken the matter of family relationships, and how important it is for us to focus on this problem today and in the future.

The writer would be the first to admit that the following article is far from conclusive or authoritative. His Scriptural insights are quite limited, and this shortcoming will soon become evident to you, the reader. (This is not an appeal for sympathy, but simply a statement of fact.) If the term "exploratory" still has validity, it might be properly applied to the propositions and conclusions which are offered here.

The Basic Elements of Christian Marriage

Before we can speak of the issue of marital problems, let us first examine together the implications of God's Word as it applies to marriage and the family. Let us first try to understand what God intended marriage to be when he instituted it. In only one very limited sense do the Church and society agree about marriage; that is, that marriage is the status of union between one man and one woman, established and sustained by their mutual consent. From that point on, the Church and the world are poles apart. The manner in which marital unity is to be achieved, the purposes of marriage, and the permanence of the marital bond are in no sense the same for both the Christian and the unbeliever.

Through the parallel between marriage and Christ's relationship to His Church, we are given some insights into the true nature of marriage. The first of these is that marriage is an indissoluble covenant enduring throughout life. God's creation of Eve and Adam, described in the second chapter of Genesis, makes it clear that man and woman belong to one another. Marriage is not, therefore, a temporary and accidental event in the life of two persons. Rather it institutes a genuine unity, planned by God for that purpose. As the Creator says, "The two shall become one." God's arithmetic becomes clearer when we consider yet another text from Genesis: "It is not good that man should live alone." As disturbing as this may be to our respective egos, the marriage union of a Christian man and woman should cause both to lose their former identities, and a new being to emerge which has a character, temperament, and other personality characteristics all of its own. Just as two physical elements, such as oxygen and hydrogen, combine under certain special circumstances to form a new substance, water, so should a man and woman in Christian marriage form a new identity, with the Holy Spirit serving as the catalyst. Just as the properties of two physical elements have to die so that water may come into being, so both spouses also die in a sense so that they may be one in wedlock. Thus, a person who enters into marriage is no longer a person with his own needs, wants, goals, and desires. Instead, he and his spouse as one now have needs, wants, goals, and desires. For through God 2 equals 1.

A second essential characteristic of a Christian marriage is the fact that it is an exclusive fellowship between two persons. While married people share and enjoy friendships and relationships with others, the nature, quality, intensity, and purpose of their connections with other persons are inherently different from their marital relationship. Strange as it may sound or seem, a spouse is no longer capable of relating to anyone or anything on a person-to-person basis. In all of his associations, he represents no longer himself, but his marriage — the new being. He cannot do otherwise, for his former identity as a separate person no longer exists.

The third principle of a Christian marriage also flows from the matter of unity — husbands and wives enter into an obligation to each other with respect to all that they are and possess. If anywhere true, it should be true in Christian marriage that neither can say of himself that he possesses anything of his own; both have everything in common, not only goods, leisures, strengths, but also joys, sorrows, hopes, and

fears. Marital life is not a mutual exchange of services, but a living fellowship in which each takes all that he has and uses it for the other for the sake of the love of God. Each marital partner would only rob the other if each gave less than his or her whole person in all of its physical and mental aspects and all of its social and economic implications. This requirement of completeness and exclusiveness, and of mutual giving and serving, often presses hard on us. We would like to have a little freedom and authority over what is "ours" and over ourselves. But the more one lives for the other in marriage — indeed, the more one lives for the marriage itself — the greater is the freedom the spouses give to one another. Then they truly enjoy freedom, because it is no longer the kind of freedom which stems from mutual indifference, when each allows the other to go his own way without caring. Instead, it is proof of the other's love, a love which respects our peculiarities and differences.

Some Causes of Marital Conflict

Let us now consider some of the reasons why so many of our Christian marriages fail to achieve what God has intended them to be in the way of permanence, happiness, and accord. As we have seen, one of the primary goals of Christian marriage is an abiding unity between husband and wife. As the Bible puts it, "They should be of one flesh." Both from within themselves as well as from without, Christian couples are constantly under temptation and pressure to thwart this purpose. Especially in our own country, we are subject to a particular temptation, which stems from the concept of the equality of the sexes. Certainly no conscientious Christian can question the wisdom or right of women to vote, to hold office, to receive the same wages as a man who holds a comparable position; in short, both man and woman, husband and wife, should have the same responsibilities, privileges, and protections under the law. In this sense, the sexes are or should be equal.

But to confuse such equality in political, economic, and even moral matters with the relationship of husband and wife within marriage is disastrous. In order that we may understand how destructive this concept is, we first need to consider the meaning of the term, "equal" or "equals." To be "equal" means that the two persons or things under consideration must be identical in their nature, purposes, functions, and all other respects. From this definition, we can clearly see that husbands and wives can hardly be looked upon as equals. They differ physically, functionally, psychologically, and in other important respects. When husbands and wives ignore such differences, and proceed as if they were equals, their regard for one another in marriage is at best a kind of enlightened self-interest. In short, "If I am nice to Mary, she'll be nice to me." When there is such an emphasis on equality, there cannot be the oneness, the unity, the identity of interest and common cause. God's marriage mathematics, 2 equals 1, is denied; the arithmetic of the Old Adam, 1 plus 1 equals two, is substituted.

Such an emphasis upon equality in marriage is also destructive in yet another respect. Is any human being really satisfied to be considered as equal to someone else? Even within the consecrated Christian, there are continuous stirrings and urgings, not to merely "keep up with the Joneses," but to be superior to them. In short, when we start with the assumption of equality in marriage, we are sowing the seeds of dissatisfaction, discontent, and unrest, for the marital partners will be constantly tempted, often with some success, to depart from their supposedly equal status so that they may become "superior" to the other spouse.

The relationship between Christ and His Church again points up the complete inadequacy of the equality approach to marriage. In no sense can we say that Christ and the Church are equals, for again, to be equal means that the two things or persons must be of identical value. Both Christ and the Church are essential to our salvation. Christ is our Savior; without Him, we would never be acceptable in God's sight. The Church is Christ's own creation; by the Holy Spirit, the Church serves as the means by which we are brought by grace to faith in Christ. Thus Christ and His Church are essential and inseparable for our salvation; but they are not equal. Likewise, there can be no marriage without both husband and wife, but they are not equals.

If Christ is one with us in our marriage, the issue of equality is as irrevelant as the choice of my shaving lotion is to my salvation. Only in one sense are marital partners equal — God is equally concerned with their salvation. For them to consider themselves as equals from any other standpoint cannot help but divide rather than unite them. Sometimes, however, we hear the statement that unless a husband and wife consider themselves as equals, they will exploit one another. While this may well apply to other marriages, it should not apply to Christian marriages. Can any of us conceive of Christ acting against the best interests of His Church, or the Church, when properly motivated, defaming or defying its Savior? Of course not; it is unthinkable. Since all Christians in marriage are to pattern themselves after the relationship between Christ and His Church, the likelihood of one spouse exploiting the other should be similarly inconceivable. Husbands and wives are not equals, for the simple but mysterious truth of the matter is that in a Christian marriage, they are not two but one.

The false concept of marital equality is not the only factor which can weaken and destroy a marriage. The lack of communication — or communion, if you will — between husband and wife can be just as destructive. Simply put, when Mary has a problem or indeed even a joy, she doesn't discuss it with her husband John. If

John is worked up about something, within or without the marriage, Mary is often the last to hear, if ever. So very often, spouses do not share or communicate with one another until a crisis arises.

As strange as it may seem, the procedures of church discipline as described by our Lord in the 18th Chapter of Saint Matthew also have implications for marriage. We are told that if a brother offends us, we are first to go to him alone, and discuss it with him. If he will not listen, we are to take others into our confidence, such as our pastors or an elder, and discuss it again with our brother. If he still does not respond, we are to tell it to the church. Finally, if all efforts fail, our brother is to be cut from the fellowship of the church. The important thing to note is this — when one brother gives the other brother offense, the problem is to be attacked on a person-to-person basis. The affected brothers are to deal with one another in love so that they may be reconciled. No one else is to be involved *unless* the brothers cannot by the Holy Spirit reach an accord.

This same principle — working out problems person-to-person, face to face — should apply in marriage as well as within the Church. Unfortunately, so many Christian couples skip over this first basic step — they do not share, they do not communicate as the unity of their marriage impels them to do. If the spouses offend one another, they avoid one another, and dash on to the second, third, or even fourth stage of "marriage discipline."

They pour out their grievances to their relatives, friends, and pastor, or skip on to legal separation or divorce, which is analogous to excommunication from the Church. This is not to say that relatives, friends, pastors, or counselors may not have something to contribute to the stability, unity, and happiness of a marriage. But their efforts cannot take the place of marital communion. To rephrase a popular commercial, "If a marriage hasn't got it there, it hasn't got it." If a husband and wife have sincerely and in love communed over a problem, and have not been able to solve it, and together *as one* seek outside help, then chances of their healing the breech are very great. If instead, they ignore their communion, and reach out for help as individuals rather than as one, their marriage is doomed either to destruction or to a cold-war type of existence.

In addition to the false concept of equality, and the lack of communion, there are many other factors which can sabotage marital relationships. Ultimately, they all stem from the same source, our sinful pride, our need to defend our own integrity, individuality, and personality, our sense of importance and worth. Essentially, marriage under God is to effect a unity which necessitates the "destruction" of the two persons who existed separately prior to the marriage ceremony. It is in a sense similar to Holy Baptism, in which the person involved "dies" as a child of this world and is born again as a child of God. Just as the adopted child of God will be continuously tempted by his old Adam, so also will those composing a Christian marriage be tempted to think of themselves as separate creatures rather than as the one new integrated being which God has made of them. Just as the Devil will tempt us to assert our independence of God, so also will he tempt us to assert our independence of our marriage and our marital partner.

The temptations may come in forms such as these. Mary is confronted with a problem; she believes that it would unnecessarily concern and upset John if she shared it with him; because she loves him, she will protect him from this unnecessary pain and stress. Besides this, she can handle the problem herself. What he doesn't know won't hurt him, what he doesn't know can't hurt him. Such an approach, though it takes the form and guise of married love, does violence to marital unity and communion. John is displeased with his wife's standards of housekeeping. He fears that Mary would be upset and take offense if he brought the matter up, so he says nothing, but broods about it. John sincerely believes that he is a Christian practicing patience and forbearance and that by doing so he is preserving the unity of their marriage. Actually, John is right in a limited way. He is practicing Christian forbearance, but the important word here is "practicing," for John is really unable to forget his wife's offense. From the standpoint of the world, he may be preserving the unity of their marriage by trying to ignore something that really bothers him. Yet he is destroying the very integrity of the marriage by his refusal to communicate with Mary about his concern. In both cases, Mary and John are resorting to self-deception — no matter how successful they may be in masking their real motivations, at heart their love, their forebearance, their unselfishness is only a mask for pride.

The Only Solution

What can be done to break this vicious circle? What's the answer to this dilema? Nothing more and nothing less than an ever growing and increasing comprehension of the nature and purpose of Christian marriage, earnestly sought by husband and wife in Scripture and fulfilled by the Holy Spirit. There are no gimmicks here — no shortcuts — nor, indeed, any need of them. We have been loved by God to the infinite extent that He has sacrificed His only begotten Son for our salvation. Through faith in Christ, we — sinful as we are — possess this selfless, integrating love without measure since we are members of His Body. He will richly bless us and freely provide us with all that we need in our family relationships. In our Savior's own words, if "we knock," if "we seek," we "will find." Only through the Lord can two become one. Only through the Lord may we have a meaningful family life.

The Hairy Ticks

(A Fable for Woodsmen's Pals & Other Conservatives)

By Wayne Saffen

Pastor, the Lutheran Campus Parish

University of Chicago

Once upon a time the forests and mountains were full of happy ticks. They came to be selective in their associations with other animals, avoiding some and seeking the company of others. A certain consciousness of their identity made them proud of their distinctive role in animal society. To be sure, other insects were their enemies and their reluctant hosts. Dogs and other quadrupeds and a few bipeds were not favorably disposed towards them and would engage in peridoic forays bent upon the suppression, if not the extinction, of tickdom. They never quite achieved social respectability and were by some regarded as worth nothing but to be ground underfoot. Had there been ingenious crosses, they might even have been crucified, but usually death came by stoning, crushing, or sometimes by fire. Nevertheless, there was a solid allegiance in tickdom.

Then that vile serpent, the earthworm, in company with a salamander, accosted two rocky-mountain ticks on vacation in a forest. In an unusual display of good feeling the four small creatures engaged in a conversation about how things were going in the various strata of forest society. The earthworm relayed the news of how the human biped was engaged in wars of extinction over differing beliefs. "How silly," said one of the ticks. "What shall become of us if the intellectuals of the animal kingdom act this way?"

The earthworm said: "Don't you know? The contagion will spread. Before long it will all be changed. Not only will each of us be faced with natural enemies, but we shall turn upon each other: worm against worm, salamander against salamander, tick against tick." That dire prophecy left the ticks laughing. But that subtle worm said: "Don't laugh. Rather be on the watch. Look out for ticks with hairs." Then the earthworm burrowed in a hole and the salamander slid over a log, leaving the two ticks speechless.

For the first time, the ticks became conscious of hairs. One pointed to the legs of the other and said: "Did you know that you have hairs on your legs? You are one of those hairy ticks." Horrified, the guilty tick looked at his legs. Sure enough, there were the hairs for all to see. Looking at the other tick, he said: "You have them, too." What should they do? Supposing they ran into other ticks, strangers in a strange wood in a strange world, and the other ticks should spot them as hairy ticks? They found a road which cut through the forest and skirted the grass edge to make a run for it, if necessary. Wouldn't it be terrible to be cast away, exiled from tickdom, or even killed for being hairy ticks? Suddenly there was a ray of hope. They read a Burma Shave sign. It seemed that there was a way of getting rid of unwanted hair. They resolved to find this Burma Shave and try it.

The road led into a village, where the two ticks foraged in the alleys, looking for Burma Shave. They came across an old Burma Shave can and a discarded razor blade in a trash barrel. Carefully and painfully they lathered their legs and shaved off the offending hairs. Now, with smooth legs, they felt confident again.

They were just in time. On the other side of the village they ran into a group of ticks and warned them against the hairy ticks, telling them all that the worm and the salamander had cautioned them against. The new party of ticks became hair conscious and, following the directions of the two newly shaved, these ticks also went to the ash can and scraped off their offending hairs.

It was not long before the fearful news of the hairy ticks spread through all the forest. Every tick became suspicious of every other tick, and each tick tried his best to get rid of the offending hairs. Once in a while, however, some innocent tick would be found who did not know about the offensiveness of hairs. He tried to explain to the enraged mob of ticks that he had always had hairs. But this only made it worse. They carted the poor tick off and threw him into a pile of burning leaves. The highest councils of tickdom were moved with news of the subversive activities of hairy ticks and special committees of the legislative committees conducted investigations. By every means of communication, the ticks were warned to report any ticks which looked suspiciously hairy. Some ticks turned informer and others turned persecutor.

Finally there was hardly a tick left with hairs or a hair left on a tick. But suspicion grew anyhow. Supposing the real subversive hairy ticks had learned a way to remove the hairs so that you couldn't distinguish them from the true ticks! Finally every tick began to suspect every other tick of hypocrisy — or of "hair-isy."

The two ticks who had been alerted originally by the worm and the salamander then discovered, while casually glancing at an ad in a magazine which had flopped open alongside the littered highway, that there was a way of removing hairs with a particular cream, without a trace. This was an improvement over shav-

ing, and besides, Burma Shave cans began to be hard to find in trash barrels. They managed to find this cream among a camper's supplies in the forest and tried it. It worked. They told their best friends on the quiet about what they had found. Soon the word spread to go after the false ticks who had shaved their hairs. "By their stubble you shall know them," became the awful secret test. Hitherto safe ticks were brought before the tribunals and examined. Every tick with stubble or razor cuts was taken out and thrown into the leaf pile to be burned. Some ran for safety with a death notice posted against them.

The carnage was terrible. Ticks were so frightened of one another, so deeply suspicious, that they forgot about their natural enemies, and were easy prey. The number of ticks dwindled rapidly, but those who remained believed that they were the true ticks — though they could not always be sure of the others.

One day a tick who was running away from the rest came across a boy in the woods with a nature book. The book was open to a page picturing insects. The tick thought he saw a picture of himself. He looked again, and sure enough, it was a tick, a terrible hairy tick. He read the description and discovered to his surprise what he had long ago forgotten: "All ticks have hairs on their legs as well as a hard backbone shell and a hard head." He hurried back to tell the good news, that ticks were turning upon one another for wrong reasons, heeding the insidious suggestions and suspiciousness of the sly worm and the slinky salamander. He thought that the ticks would welcome the good news. But, to his surprise, the ticks looked at his legs, saw the stubble, and took him out to throw him on the leaf pile.

The poor tick died, but not in vain. Some of the ticks heard and decided to investigate for themselves. When some ticks were so bold and undiplomatic as to announce their intention to investigate, they were called "crypto-hairy ticks" and tossed on the leaf pile. But regardless of the repressive measures, the curious ones kept on investigating. Still, no one would believe them, for who could really trust a hairy tick?

One day a boy picked up one of the ticks' leaders and examined it carefully. The tick was surprised to hear the boy say to another boy: "This looks like a tick, but it can't be one. Ticks have hairs on their legs."

To this day this particular group of ticks still isn't sure if ticks have hairs or not, or which of the hairless ticks are really hairy ticks parading as hairless hairy ticks. It became so confused that finally some were saying that the real way to tell if a tick was a hairy tick was if he had no hairs, for it was a sure sign that he had removed them. Those who came back from their investigations reporting that all ticks had hairs were most suspect, for the masses of ticks were told by their leaders that you couldn't trust the intellectual ticks because they came back with different doctrines due to false teachings of ticks subject to modern or foreign ideas.

Pity the poor ticks — the hairy ticks can't hide their hairs and the hairless ones don't know that all ticks have hairs. It's a consolation to be human — and Christian.

AUTUMN

I

The stone-colored corn drops upon
its sunken cheeks silent tears;
and like those rows and rows of
parchment-skinned, unmoving prisoners
at Dachau, Auschwitz, Buchenwald,
with mute acceptance, blank unfocused stares,
these withered carcasses, unwashed except
for knotted thongs of brittle rain,
await the lying down in death
without prayers.

II

Under a gaunt sky
trees in the final spasm of senility
adorn themselves in gaudy rouge
and henna dye;
but no disguise conceals the fact
that youth is green and sweet,
and what is, to the touch of lips,
hollowed out and dry
must pass away.

MARCIA G. WITTMAACK

The Theatre

Brecht and Broadway

By Walter Sorell

Drama Editor

From whatever angle you look at Brecht and Broadway, they are two odd bedfellows, one negating and almost excluding the other. But this season — it had already started last year with The Living Theatre's production of "In the Jungle of Cities," one of his early and least gratifying plays, and the loftier and more informative anthology of "Brecht on Brecht" which may very well run for quite a few years to come — it seems that this season will be a Brecht season. Not less than two different productions of another early work, "Man is Man," in two different translations will be done off-Broadway, a coincidental contest which will be interesting to watch. For later, Jerome Robbins prepares the staging of "Mother Courage," and several other plays by Brecht are in the offing. According to her reports, the agent of Brecht's estate works overtime in discouraging producers from putting on more and more of his plays. No doubt, we have discovered Brecht.

While Brecht was a best-selling playwright in Europe after his success with "The Threepenny Opera" in Berlin in 1928, Broadway remained cool to him and what had turned into a major success off-Broadway in the mid-fifties (because of its watered-down Blitzstein version) was a huge flop on Broadway in 1934. Brecht, the exile, was in America during World War II and a couple of years later nobody was interested in his work in spite of Eric Bentley's frantic efforts to popularize his concept of the epic theatre. Charles Laughton staged "Galileo" and played the title role in it in 1947, but even this production, which was under the supervision of Brecht himself, was only a *success d'estime*. Eric Bentley's unsuccessful attempt at staging "The Good Woman of Setzuan" at the Phoenix Theatre several years ago and a minor off-Broadway production of some scenes of the "Master Race" round off the past efforts to bring the Broadway public and Brecht together.

As long as Brecht was in this country he was suspicious of the American professional theatre as an institution that had to yield profit and not art. Later, his own subsidized theatre in East Berlin was conducted in a manner completely alien to our show business. They would rehearse a play three to five months and then discard it if they did not think it came close enough to their own artistic expectations. Brecht was often heard saying that he would rather see his plays performed by college theatres than on Broadway.

Only recently there was a long discussion on Brecht and the Brechtian theatre on a non-commercial radio station, with some of the more important theatrical minds taking part in it. When it came to defining what real Brecht theatre is, the debate became heated, but took place in a vacuum because no two could agree on what it was. It was worse than any discussion on the much discussed "method." Brecht had written a great deal on his epic style of total detachment or alienation, this unemotional approach to create a dramatic impact. Those directors who take his theories literally always go wrong.

One must not forget that Brecht lived on paradoxes and had an uncanny way of contradicting himself by proving how good his theories were, or of proving himself by contradicting his theories. One only has to study a production of the "Berliner Ensemble" to realize this. True, the lighting is cold, never tries to create the visual image of a mood, and thus underlines a factual approach. The fact also that he likes to use projections and props with the intent to destroy any illusionary effect and, moreover, has his actors step out of character in the midst of a scene to comment on the situation or to sing a song with the same purpose, is still in keeping with his theories of shocking his audience into a state of awareness by giving it no chance to identify with any human being on stage but only with the very idea of the play itself.

Although the customary identification is made impossible, the strongest impact is still an emotional one. To see "Mother Courage" done by the "Berliner Ensemble" grips you, and the grip it has on you comes from a growing emotional excitement about the foolishness of the people involved and the foolishness of the world. And it is a totally emotional experience when the dumb Katherine stands on the roof of the peasant's house and arouses the neighboring village in order to save the life of children because she herself would have loved to have children. This heroic act in which she gives her life for others is the climactic point of the play and the following lullaby of Mother Courage does not shock you into awareness, but creates in you a feeling of pity and terror, the traditional channels leading to personal identification. It is Brecht's skill to give dramatic Gestalt to an emotional impact while remaining aloof, detached, and matter-of-fact. Actors, no doubt, need a special training to achieve these effects.

I am looking forward to the Brecht season on Broadway with mixed feelings, hoping the best and fearing the worst.

From the Chapel

Justification: By Faith, By God, By Christ

By Edward H. Schroeder
Assistant Professor of Religion
Valparaiso University

> *And those whom he predestined* [predestined to conformity to the image of his Son, v. 29] *he also called, and those whom he called he also justified; and those whom he justified he also glorified.*
>
> — Romans 8:30

No one who reads Romans can deny that Paul contends: Men are justified by faith, if they are justified at all. Roman Christians of Paul's day (and Luther's day, too) knew this and accepted it. So have all of us in the Reformation tradition. But what is this "faith" *by* which we are justified? This has always been the crux — between the great confessions, within the denominations, inside the single Christian soul. What piece of reality is this, what mysterious entity? What is faith?

The common tautological answer is: Faith is believing. Justification by faith means that those who believe are justified; those who don't aren't. We have accepted and believed, therefore *we* are justified and deserve to be glorified. Just on the surface this looks as though justification by faith means justification by me. Even when coupled with the strong Reformation emphasis that faith is fiduciary in character and not intellectual, trust and not knowledge, this is not biblical justification by faith. For the heart of the matter is: *Who* justifies? Who is the subject in the sentence about my justification? To whom is this "by faith" predicted? If it's me it's crypto-heretical. *He* justifies.

Such a simple grammatical exercise as finding the subject of the sentence already lays bare the positions of the Pharisee and Publican in the temple. The distance between them is not the number of cubits from chancel to narthex. It is the distance between hell and heaven. Christ Himself gives this verdict: "This man went down to his house *justified* rather than the other," because *God* justifies, and not man.

Justification by faith does not mean that I am justified because I have faith (whereas others who do not are not), but justification by faith means I am justified because God is faithful. Not because I am full-of-faith, but because God is faith-full. If the former were true — and how often and fervently we long for it to be so — then our actual serious confession is that of the equally serious and sincere Pharisee, "God, I thank thee that *I* believe and am not like the unbelievers, that *I* trust, that *I* cling (heaven knows what an effort on *my* part it takes on occasion.)"

But *God* justifies man and if we long to be justified men, we must let God do this, too, for us. Here, too, we must let God be God. Here, too, we can only function from a posture of receptivity. Even to acquire our temporal life none of us has done anything. It was given to us. (When did you ever even "accept" it?) And the same creative situation pertains to our eternal life (our justification). If we get it all, we get it "gifted" from God. Like "simple" biological life we don't primarily *accept* it, but we receive it. We live it.

Here is one spot where the First and Second Articles meet, where the new creation is a reflection of the old one, primarily because it's the same creator. *He* justifies. Justification by faith alone is justification by God alone — "without any merit or worthiness in me," not even the merit or worthiness of my believing it.

The word is going around in Lutheran circles nowadays that the bandwagon phrase "justification by faith" is not the rallying cry it used to be, and that rather than "faith," the word "justification" is the passe part of the slogan. Granted, times change. Sixteenth-century Europe is not twentieth-century U.S.A. But just what are the continuities that bind us with men of the sixteenth or any other century? Is it only food, drink, clothing, footgear, house, home, wife, children, fields, chattel? Are we any less, or they any more, interested in justification? I suppose justification would be passe if the prevailing romantic view of the late Middle Ages were factual, which tends to see the whole populace running wild in search of justification almost unaware of food, drink, clothing, etc. When this view is joined to a suddenly sober and non-romantic view of contemporary man concerned only about food, drink, clothing, justification does seem passe. Yet neither of these views has been sufficiently documented to merit the axiomatic status it enjoys.

On the contrary, if Arthur Miller's drama, *The Death of a Salesman,* says anything about the American man on the street, it says that justification *is* the driving obsession of men today. Willy Loman wants to be worth something. He wants to count. He desires nothing more than to have his existence justified. To be sure, not in the eyes of God — at least not expressly so. But then neither was the justification of the Reformation man such a "purely religious," bloodless sort of thing, merely in the sight of God. Such "purely religious" justification is a part of docetic theology, but not of biblical nor Reformation Christianity. When you re-

member that one of the components of Luther's obsession with justification was his inability to sleep nights, he looks more like Willy Loman than unlike him.

Even Christians seldom if ever phrase it so: "How may I be justified in the sight of God?" How could we, how can the man of the world be expected to do so, if, as we tell ourselves in our theology, it is the murky remembrance of our lost innocence (*imago dei*) which never lets us forget that should God *justify* us on the spot in His sight, we'd be dead ducks. An ancient English usage of the term justification reminds us that for the guilty justification means execution. This is the just destiny that awaits the guilty. Our anxious age is taking its dead-duck destiny almost for granted, in fact too much for granted. And the justness of it all is also no longer such an occasion for objection either. For if my life is meaningless, worthless, then it is in order (it's fair, it's just) to have it wiped out.

Yes, God justifies, but if this is the justification and the destiny of that sort of justification, why should anyone seek it – let alone fight a Reformation over it? Answer: There is justification and then there is justification, just as there is predestination and predestination. There is a justification and a destiny "in conformity with the Son of God" and another that is not. The distinction is not two variations of the same genus, but two distinct genera, yes, generations!

The new generation (regeneration) is a justification via God's faithfulness *in Christ*. It is also a new destiny, a new worth, a "counting for something" (better, "for some*one*").

If this ever was attractive in the first or sixteenth or twentieth centuries, it was not the kind of attraction that brought men thundering in droves to get it. More often they fled in droves after an initial curiosity (Maundy Thursday, Mars Hill, modern Marxist man).

And yet God justifies men by His faithfulness.

Justification by faith is God making me count for time and eternity. The text speaks of predestination, but does so in a present-tense sense and not as a *post mortem*. In fact all the predicates in the text are passive participles – they've already happened in God's people. The new destiny is already in existence now. Already now when God looks at the man whom He (God) has faithfully justified in His Son, He sees the image of His Son. Insofar as there is a "more yet to come" in this destiny, it is a "more of the same," looking more and more like Jesus Christ. This is what really justifies existences, gives them value, worth and meaning – not an intrinsic quality coming out of my work, family life, or leisure – but the extrinsic given of God calling out to me His approval: "You there! *You* are my beloved Son, with *you* I am well-pleased." This is so because of the justification (execution) that took place in the first Son to whom He addressed these words. Justification by faith is justification (value, worth, meaning) by means of God's action in Christ. Whether it appeals to the masses or not is beside the point. It's meant for them. It's good for them.

Finally a word for the fiduciary side of *my* faith. To be sure my *fiducia* is involved if this gift is to be mine, but my *fiducia* doesn't create it. The fidelity of the creator creates it, creates *me* into a full-fledged Son of God. That's the glory of it. It's God's own glorious doing. That constitutes our glory too, and makes the last predicate of the text apply to us too. Predestined, called, justified, glorified – by God!

On Second Thought

BY ROBERT J. HOYER

PRACTICE always follows theory, even though the theory may be born in bitter experience. Thus a man attempting to fell a tree with a blunt club will be forced to evolve the theory that the instrument must be both hard and sharp. It will do him no good to beat harder with his blunt club. When man attempted to fly by fastening wings to his body, he was forced to conclude that his theory was wrong. Muscle power is not sufficient to lift man and wings from the ground. A new theory of mechanical power preceded the practice of flight. It did him no good to flap his arms harder under the old theory.

In the social sciences, man learns his failures and evolves new theory with more difficulty. How many men and women were burned or tortured as heretics before the theory's failure was admitted, and the new theory of tolerance preceded the practice of evangelism? How many witches were condemned or killed to protect the health of many communities before the theories of physical nature preceded the practice of medicine? And both of these lessons had to be learned in bitter failure, in spite of the fact that the teachings and the example of the Lord Christ clearly and openly denied the validity of the old theories.

The church today is not what it should be. We do not have the Spirit of fire given on Pentecost. Yet we are sure that the theory we have received from our fathers is true, and we go on flapping our wings of preaching and liturgy more diligently, sure that we will yet get off the ground. Year after year the church's budgets fail, and year by year we go on beating harder with the blunt club of duty, convinced that the theory which guided our fathers must be correct. It is past time for a prophet to arise among us with the shout: "We have failed because we are wrong in what we are doing! The ox knows his stall and the ass his owner's crib, but we still do not understand!"

Myths Created by Fame

By WALTER A. HANSEN

THE works of composers who have become famous invariably cause the world of music to sit up and take notice. A new opus from the prolific pen of Igor Stravinsky is bound to attract widespread attention, and whenever the brain of renowned Dimitri Shostakovich gives birth to another child, millions of ears long to hear what the pride and joy of the Soviet Union has accomplished.

Fame never ceases to beget adulation. Unfortunately, however, the adulation a composer receives is often blinded by the fame he has gained. Does everyone inquire diligently and perspicaciously into the source of fame? By no means. "Fame is fame," say many devotees of the tonal art, "and for this reason everything produced by a famous person is bound to be famous." They seem to forget that fame sometimes leads to products that are completely negligible.

Whenever a world-renowned statesman, writer, theologian, manufacturer, barrister, or muleskinner speaks publicly about cheese, pancakes, baseball, dogs, inflation, mosquitoes, or any other subject, he is sure to win numerous admirers merely because he happens to be the person who is making the statement. Naturally, there will be dissenters. But fame frequently thrives on dissension as luxuriously as it battens on admiration. If a famous man were to say today or tomorrow that Limburger cheese has played a far more important role in history than the artichoke, many would regard such gobbledygook as a real contribution to the wisdom of the ages.

Thoughts of the foregoing nature kept rambling through my brainpan when I heard the music which famous Igor Stravinsky wrote for a recent television production called *Noah and the Flood*. Since I know that the fame Stravinsky has actually merited is based on a number of remarkably fine works, I pricked up my ears with special eagerness. What happened? To this moment I cannot shake off the conclusion that the music Stravinsky devised for *Noah and the Flood* is worthless gobbledygook — in spite of all the skill and all the inventiveness it exemplifies. Yet some accepted such balderdash as great merely because it sprang from the brain of one of the world's most famous composers. The expensive and deftly staged presentation of *Noah and the Flood* will live in the history of music as a much-discussed event. Would it be remembered at all if Stravinsky were not a world-famous composer? Will it add one bit of renown to the fame Stravinsky has won on the basis of the significant works he has composed? In my opinion, the music for *Noah and the Flood* was a dud. Only those who bend the knee to fame for fame's sake will call it great. Yet if I were a composer, I would long for the ability to give birth to works like some of Stravinsky's earlier compositions.

I have not heard Shostakovich's *Symphony No.* 12, which had its world premiere in Leningrad last year and was presented to the non-Soviet world for the first time in September, 1962. But I have read about this work. One critic wrote that "the almost hysterical assertion of triumph at the end suggests nothing so much as a man shouting to drown his thoughts." This scathing remark interests me, for I have often concluded that much of Shostakovich's recent output shouts boisterously to high heaven and succeeds admirably in drowning any thoughts that may have been floating about in the famous composer's cranium. In fact, I have sometimes said that any thoughts Shostakovich might have had when he concocted some of his music are conspicuous by their absence.

Shostakovich, I believe, used to be a promising composer. As time went on, he occasionally fulfilled a promise or two. He became famous throughout the world largely because the Soviet Union relegated him to the dog house for a considerable period of time and then decided to take him out of this place of confinement and to build him up as a great master. Much of Shostakovich's fame has been foisted upon him. I admire him for his valiant struggle to live up to his reputation, and now and then I take pleasure in some of the music he has written in recent years. At the present moment, however, I regard him as a composer who thrives on an unusually large amount of artificially superinduced fame. Like Stravinsky, he has become a prophet of much famous gobbledygook. But even gobbledygook will always have a rightful place in history.

Another critic found Shostakovich's *Symphony No.* 12 to be "an exhibition of blatant red flag-waving in musical terms." Poor Shostakovich, who used to be a promising composer, is condemned to do all in his power to wave the red flag in his music!

Could either Stravinsky or Shostakovich, in spite of all their fame, ever write a composition even half as great as the little C major prelude which stands at the beginning of Johann Sebastian Bach's *Das wohltemperierte Klavier?* The answer is no. One should accept men as what they are, not as what fame has had a way of making them out to be.

The Church of Our Lady at Trier, Germany

(or what can be done with an old church)

By ADALBERT RAPHAEL KRETZMANN

THE building of a church is not to be compared with any other type of sacred service. It cannot draw its impetus from any contemporary art nor from mere aesthetic theory or social teaching. Church building is a separate and great work, strictly conditioned by its own purposes. Having fulfilled that it has fulfilled its total mission. It is not even an applied theology, or the fulfillment of a liturgical purpose, but simply an act of adoration, born out of the movement of God's grace.

The one purpose of all church building, therefore, is to show forth a *living* church. The one most obvious characteristic of the edifice is its visibility, so much so that all of the building with all of its contents taken together as a holy unity reveals the true form of the church. Any instruction about church building becomes, therefore, an instruction about what the church really is. This is so earnest and so great a task that as it becomes visible in *plans* it must carry the greatness of its message to all who see it.

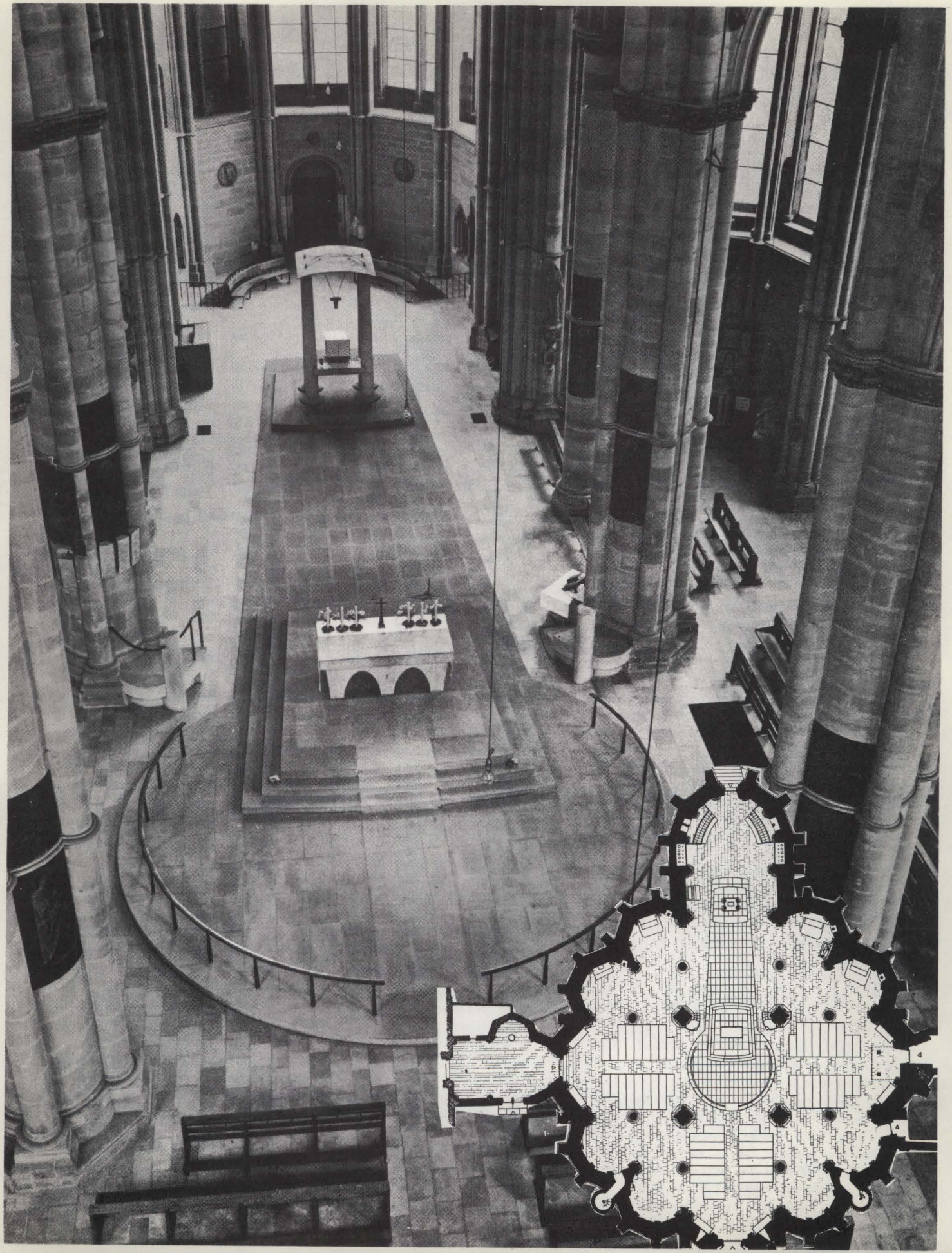
The best example of true building is always to be found in the life of our Lord. Church building is no cosmic mythology but a representation of the Christian life. It is the spiritual assuming a visible form, and becomes a discipleship in the materials and language of its construction.

Whoever wants to build a church must make his Christian decision and believe firmly that the Son of God became a man and suffered and died for us and that since that time there is only one true measurement of value, namely the life of our Lord. Implanted in the midst of the world, it tells the story a thousand times over, by day and by night, in summer's heat and winter's cold: this is the House of Believers in Jesus Christ. The builder must believe that in this story of the life of Christ God has clearly revealed His own being – that God is a clear form, readily discernible to the believing eye, and that we glorify His holy name most fully when we create a new building to be His dwelling place.

Perhaps no building exemplifies this philosophy more clearly than the Church of Our Lady in Trier, Germany, built by the world famous architect, Dr. Rudolf Schwarz of Cologne. This church had originally been erected about the middle of the thirteenth century and had weathered the years in remarkable fashion. In World War II this beautiful church suffered considerable damage. The gaps torn into the walls by the bombs were soon repaired under the architect Matthias Hemgesberg. The design for the interior was then laid open for a great competition in which the architects Fritz Thoma, Willy Weyres, and Peter Marx were asked to join with Dr. Schwarz. The picture shows the prize-winning solution which was offered by Dr. Schwarz.

The basically polygonal building which had had the typical early Gothic orientation of a long axis was completely altered by the creation of what Dr. Schwarz called the "holy island." This island gave a beautiful centrality even while preserving the old form of the church. The diagram shows the floor plan very clearly.

At the east end of the island is a sacramental house which makes an excellent lay altar which can be used from both sides. The seating in the church itself, which is minimal, is found on three sides of the altar. The pulpit is a very simple arrangement, to the left of the altar in the picture. The lectern is on the right. Since the church is entered through the Baptismal Chapel there is a beautiful visible relationship between the sacraments. The doors are of clear plate glass so that there is a constant feeling of relationship among the various elements in the structure.



BOOKS OF THE MONTH

RELIGION

THE OXFORD ANNOTATED BIBLE — REVISED STANDARD VERSION

Edited by Herbert G. May and Bruce M. Metzger (Oxford University Press, $7.95)

In an essay entitled, "How to Read the Bible with Understanding" (pp. 1513-1516), Professor H. H. Rowley observes:

> That there is a place for the study of every detail of the Bible in the light of the situation out of which it arose, with all the illumination that philology and archaeology and ancient history can provide, is not for a moment here forgotten. But more important than that is the recognition that in this book are the living oracles of God, which may speak to us and nourish our spirit when we approach them in true devotion and humility. We should always remember the variety of literary forms found in the Bible, and should read a passage in the light of its own particular literary character. Legend should be read as legend, and poetry as poetry, and not with a dull prosaic and literalistic mind.

Using the text of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible as its base, this excellent annotated Bible helps the reader to recover something of the sense of awe and fascination which he perhaps experienced when he first read this most interesting of all books. Each of the sixty-six books of the Bible is introduced by a brief account of its purpose, authorship, and probable date of origin. There are longer and more general introductions to the two Testaments. And in the body of the work, there are commentaries on particular sections and verses at the bottom of each page. In addition, there are supplementary articles on the geography, history, and archaeology of the Bible lands and the history of the English Bible; chronological tables of rulers; tables of weights and measures; thirty-two pages of full-color, three-dimensional maps; and an index of important names, institutions, and ideas which are mentioned in the annotations.

The editors and contributors have made use of the best findings of modern Biblical scholarship, a service which will perhaps not be appreciated by those who insist that "secular" knowledge has nothing to contribute to our understanding of the Scriptures. Thus, in the comment on the story of the creation and the fall of man, it is noted that the account in Genesis 2:4b-3:24 "is a different tradition from that in 1.1-2.4a, as evidenced by the flowing style and the different order of events, e.g., man is created before vegetation, animals, and woman." Particularly in the earlier books of the Old Testament, it is assumed that certain stories have their origins in earlier myths and legends. It would seem that the contributors and editors agree with C. S. Lewis' statement that "just as Israel was God's chosen people, so Israel's mythology was God's chosen mythology" — it being assumed that *mythology* in this context has nothing to do with fairy tales but is a literary form which the God Who inspired the Scriptures found as useful for His purposes as He found poetry, drama, parables, discursive narrative, apocalyptic writing, letters, and all of the other literary forms which are found in the Holy Scriptures.

Whatever one's views of the nature of the Scriptures and particularly of the nature of their inspiration, he will find in this annotated Bible a wealth of materials which will make it possible for him, in obedience to his Lord's command, to "search the Scriptures." There is so very much that random scanning does not disclose.

HOLMAN STUDY BIBLE — REVISED STANDARD VERSION

(A. J. Holman Company, Price Not Indicated)

This guide to the Bible is the product of the best fundamentalist scholarship. Each book of the Bible is introduced by an outline of its content, an overall survey, and a commentary on its authorship.

Representative of the theological stance from which the comments are written is Dr. H. C. Leupold's comment that "though much has been written on the subject of the possible literary sources (J, E, D, P) of Genesis, there are too many valid objections to accept the findings of source analysis." In numerous places, e.g., in the survey of Isaiah, prophecies are given a Millennial interpretation.

Among the "Helps to Bible Study" are an examination of the significance of the Dead Sea Scrolls by Dr. F. F. Bruce of the University of Manchester; an article, "The Bible and Modern Science," by Dr. Carl F. H. Henry, editor of *Christianity Today;* and articles on "The Archaeology of the Bible" (Dr. James L. Kelso, Pittsburgh Theological Seminary), "Between the Testaments" (Dr. David H. Wallace, California Baptist Theological Seminary), and "The Chronology of the Bible" (Professor Donald J. Wiseman, University of London). There is a useful concordance and a short but well-chosen map section.

OXFORD BIBLE ATLAS

Edited by Herbert G. May (Oxford University Press, $4.95)

The mighty things which God did in and through His people of the Old and the New Testament were not done in a vacuum. They were done in a particular part of the world which has its own individuality, an individuality which is reflected at every point in the Scriptures so that without some knowledge of the geography and history of the Near Eastern world one can hardly hope to understand the Biblical writers.

This atlas is a delight to look at and an even greater delight to read. The maps are not only works of high scholarship but also beautiful examples of cartographic art. The accompanying descriptive texts constitute a kind of running history of the Near Eastern and Mediterranean worlds. A 26-page gazetteer greatly enhances the usefulness of the maps and indicates where particular places are mentioned in the Bible.

Of special value to Bible teachers and students are the introductory essay "Israel and the Nations," a beautifully illustrated historical geography of the Bible lands; and a concluding essay on "Archaeology and the Bible," an illuminating summary of the almost unbelievable wealth of background information for Biblical studies which has been amassed in recent years from diggings throughout the Near East.

There are no indispensable books except the Bible itself. But for the Bible student, this Atlas comes pretty close to being essential.

GENERAL

THE DECLINE OF PLEASURE

By Walter Kerr (Simon and Schuster, $5.00)

Mr. Kerr begins this wise and eloquent diagnosis of the condition of modern man by assuming that "you are approximately as unhappy as I am"; i.e., not so unhappy as to require psychiatric care, not desperate, but vaguely dissatisfied. He goes on then to raise two questions: "Why is the American the driven, restless, enervated man that he is?" and "What can be done about it?"

Mr. Kerr finds the answer to his first question in our all but universal acceptance of the utilitarian theory of value as the definition of the good life, the moral life. This theory, as enunciated by William Stanley Jevons, asserts that "value depends entirely upon utility," which is to say that there are no moral sanctions for pleasure for its own sake; the good man is one who "puts his every waking hour to useful pur-

suits." "The goods of this world constitute the good of this world," and felicity lies "in the multiplication of commodities." And this identification of the worth-while with the practically profitable means, among other things, that "by the time the twentieth century had begun to realize that its productive machinery might also produce leisure, its conscience had been formed in a manner calculated to make leisure meaningless . . . Moral sanction had been withdrawn from all those indulgences that might have relieved the pressure" of labor spent on the production of commodities.

Unfortunately, when men conceive of themselves as mere productive tools, there is always the danger that "unrelaxed pressure on a tool may break the tool." In some cases this happens abruptly and dramatically. More commonly, though, "as we hurl ourselves feverishly into more and more work, we are quietly aware of a stirring nausea, of a faintly sickening distaste for the work we must do, the world we must do it in, and the selves we must live with while we are doing it."

In spite of this absorption in work, "certain symbols of pleasure, and even opportunities for pleasure, remain at hand in a generation that cannot conscientiously find a value for them. The fact that they continue to be available but cannot be assigned a value has helped to create two of the phenomena of our time." The first of these is the prevalence of what Kerr calls *kitsch,* the second-rate, exemplified by "brightly-colored magazines that are all eye-catching pictures and easy-to-read captions; digests of digests; . . . television that has been described as the 'chewing gum for the eye . . . ' And the second is "our increasing emphasis upon those forms of play that keep our working minds active"—games such as bridge which demand "precisely the same kind of computing and maneuvering that occupies us during our hours of labor."

So much for Mr. Kerr's diagnosis. What can be done about it all? It would be unfair to Mr. Kerr to attempt to give his answer in quotes excerpted out of their context. It does not seem unfair to say that, in essence, Mr. Kerr echoes St. Paul's exhortation to the Philippians to think on (contemplate) those things which are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report — not because these things are useful but because they are pleasurable. He does not ask us to deny the values that derive from utility, but only to recall St. Augustine's observation that whenever a conflict arises between the enjoyable and the useful, the useful has to give way as being, in the ultimate sense, inferior.

It is a hackneyed trick of the reviewer's trade to emphasize the excellence of a book which he feels he has not adequately "sold" in his review by describing it as *"must* reading." Thus, subtly, he seeks to boost its sales by making its reading an obligation, rather than a privilege or a possible joy. Mr. Kerr would probably be distressed if he thought that anyone had bought and read his book as just one more way to "put every waking hour to useful pursuits." But the reader who wants an experience of pleasure for its own sake can get it from a reading of this book.

ORGANIZED CRIME IN AMERICA

By Gus Tyler (University of Michigan Press, $7.50)

Senator Estes Kefauver, Chairman of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee, states in the introduction that crime cannot be controlled on a local basis and that a National Crime Commission is necessary to co-ordinate law enforcement efforts.

The author, a well-known commentator on crime, prefaces his book with the statement that organized crime is a product and reflection of our national culture. Individualism, competition, social disorder, and the widespread demand for prohibited goods and services have made it possible for the powerful underworld forces to develop.

Three-fourths of the book is taken up with a history of crime and the development of the syndicate. The author documents his contention that crime has long been a part of the "American way of life" by describing the Bowery Boys of New York, the Hoodlums of the West Coast, and the rise of the syndicate. He describes in detail how the services of outlaws are engaged by politicians and others and ultimately result in the outlaw being the law. He points out that public disillusionment with ganster controlled governments is the first step to Fascism. He criticizes liberals for not having become involved in the fight against underworld control and presents a challenge for an all-out fight to rectify the present situation.

The descriptions of the rise of the syndicate from Torrio-Capone to the present are well done, though much of the material has previously appeared in newspapers and magazines. The documentation of the insidious rise to power of gangsters, the "unsolved crimes," massacres, subversion of legitimate business and governmental interests to anti-social ends is frightening.

The power that has gone by default to underworld gangsters warrants serious consideration. The economic aspects of organized crime stagger the imagination when one considers the billions of dollars diverted from socially useful ends to the powers of corruption.

Like many writers on the subject of organized crime, Mr. Tyler attributes the power of the underworld forces to the Prohibition Era. Americans voted themselves dry, then clamored for illegal alcohol. The underworld, always looking for a demand, obliged the "respectable people" by satisfying their thirst. Fortunes were gained by the underworld to further its ambitions for political and economic power, resulting in ruthless exploitation and an infiltration into many aspects of American life. The sections on the Mafia and L'Unione Siciliano and their rivalry seem to be taken largely from the Encyclopedia Britannica and other sources. Much of it is written as eye-witness accounts and is interesting reading. The power struggle between organizations and between generations which ultimately resulted in the organization known as "Murder, Inc." and the rise of Lucky Luciano as "the Boss" is the final chapter in organized crime.

The section of the book which is of particular value to law enforcement personnel deals with the juvenile syndrome as the reservoir of "replacements" in organized criminal circles. Gangsters, in many instances, began their criminal careers at an early age, rose from the juvenile gang to syndicate leadership. Teenage gangs have long been a part of American culture and have been the "prep school" of adult criminals. The description of the delinquent subculture, taken from *Delinquent Boys* by Albert K. Cohen, gives insight into a portion of life that few adults can understand. Mr. Tyler stresses the point that greater emphasis should be placed upon lowering the rate of juvenile delinquency, thereby curbing the source of supply of personnel for adult criminal gangs.

The final chapter is an attempt to put down the myth that immigrants are largely responsible for crime in America. The author quotes from nineteenth century commentaries which deplored the conditions of the city and predicted imminent collapse due to the influx of foreigners. Each wave of immigration was condemned by its predecessors as the cause of all ills, slums, overcrowding, crime, violence. Yet each, in turn, has been accommodated and the problems, as always, still exist. The Puerto Ricans in New York did not create the present situation. It was there a hundred years before them with the Italians, Jews, Irish, and Germans, to name a few.

ANTHONY S. KUHARICH

Sights and Sounds

Niebuhr Doesn't Like "Lolita," Either

By ANNE HANSEN

LAST week I purchased two magazines at a newsstand. I knew in advance that the August issue of *The Atlantic* carried a special supplement titled "The Roman Catholic Church in America" and that Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr had written one of the ten articles devoted to a penetrating study of the Roman Catholic Church in the Western Hemisphere. But I was entirely unprepared to discover the name of this eminent theologian in *Show,* the second magazine I purchased that day. My amazement was great when I found that Dr. Niebuhr had turned movie critic; it was even greater when I saw that he had written a commentary on one of the most notorious fictional characters of recent years.

Lolita, a sensational novel from the pen of Vladimir Nobukov, aroused a storm of vigorous controversy when it was published in Paris in 1955. Some critics of note acclaimed it as a brilliant satire on American morals; other critics of equal stature regarded it as merely another salacious book without any true literary merit. I am in complete agreement with the latter opinion. I recall my own feeling of utter revulsion when I waded through this nauseating tale of perversion and degeneration. Since no amount of what the trade euphemistically designates as "cleaning it up for the movies" could possibly alter the essential character of the work, I decided not to review *Lolita* (M-G-M, Seven Arts Productions, Stanley Kubrick). Dr. Niebuhr's evaluation of the film has served to strengthen me in my decision. The renowned scholar says of the picture: "It has pointed out the essential meaninglessness of the story. The moral of this transformation seems to be that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." I suppose that it is futile to hope that *Lolita* will be the box-office "flop" of the year. Producers are influenced solely by box-office receipts. If *Lolita* attracts large audiences, we can expect a rash of similar meretricious films in the near future.

Cash returns are equally important in determining the quality and character of TV programs. In the July issue of *Harper's Magazine* Bernard B. Smith, a Manhattan lawyer who has long been interested in radio and TV, makes a number of excellent suggestions in a thought-provoking article titled "A New Weapon to Get Better TV."

Before I leave the subject of TV, I must mention two unusual programs: *The Gentle Persuaders,* on NBC, and *The Dialogs of Archibald MacLeish and Mark Van Doren,* on CBS. Both were outstanding. And, of course, the Telstar telecasts continue to fascinate viewers here and abroad.

Jacques Sallebert, director for French TV in the United States, said in an interview that France has planned fifty Telstar presentations in the United States. The programs are to originate in each of the fifty states, and each one is designed to afford French viewers a true and realistic picture of Americans as they really are. In Mr. Sallebert's opinion, Telstar has opened a "wonderful new window on the world."

No doubt most adult Americans have a definite concept of what our Government should be, of the way in which the affairs of our Government should be executed, and of the manner in which our laws should be made and administered. It is unlikely that any citizen of our land derived either reassurance or inspiration from Allen Drury's Pulitzer-Prize-winning novel *Advise and Consent.* It is even more unlikely that he will take comfort from the motion-picture adaptation. *Advise and Consent* (Columbia, Otto Preminger) presents a distorted, disjointed, and highly melodramatic version of the book. One need not be a starry-eyed idealist to hope for something better than this. Each member of a fine cast merits warm applause for a valiant effort against overwhelming odds.

Comedy releases have highlighted the hot summer months. Some of these are excellent. *Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation* (20th Century-Fox, Henry Koster) satirizes with hilarious good humor America's current preoccupation with and overemphasis on what is known as "togetherness." In spite of that fact it is basically a murder mystery, *The Notorious Landlady* (Columbia, Richard Quine) is delightful nonsense from start to finish. Although *Bon Voyage* (Buena Vista, James Neilson) cannot be called either fresh or original, it does take the entire family on a gay sight-seeing tour of Europe. *The Music Man* (Warners, Morton Da Costa) can be recommended as tuneful, lighthearted entertainment. Meredith Willson's musical extravaganza had a record-breaking run on Broadway and is still playing in many parts of the country. For this viewer the film is a bit too long, much too loud, too slick, and too often given to caricatures rather than characterizations.

The Road to Hong Kong (United Artists, Norman Panama) reunites Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, and Dorothy Lamour in their seventh road trip to adventure. There are timely topical touches; but the action creaks a bit, and the gag sequences reveal the signs of age and use. Neither *That Touch of Mink* (U-I, Delbert Mann) nor *Boys' Night Out* (M-G-M, Michael Gordon) shows much originality, and both hover on the borderline of good taste.

A Minority Report

What is a Bible Class?

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

WHAT is a Bible class supposed to be? Perhaps the question is, what is the teacher of a Bible class supposed to do?

A teacher of a Bible class can do as so many of us have done in past: 1. read the verses to be studied to the class or have some person in the class read them; 2. explain the words as the words themselves seem to speak (usually this means, explain them according to Luther's Catechism or the Church Fathers); 3. then go on to the next verses.

There is nothing wrong with this. In fact, it ought to be done, for all of us must build on the traditions of the past. We cannot avoid or eliminate our traditional explanations. No one can begin from where he is in history unless he wants to live with a case of historical amnesia.

Intelligence and integrity in life and action also demand that the vocabulary, the doctrines, and the basic interpretations of the past be re-worked to and in the happenings of today. Unless this is done, the Christian religion becomes mere history and will go the way of the dinosaurs. The Christian religion will then become obituary data, a record of ideas dead and gone. Some scholars are already referring to our era as the Post-Christian Age.

There is another way of handling a Bible class. We can struggle with deliberation and calculation for the new interpretations and re-interpretations of our heritage. This can be done in a number of ways: 1. we can try to give as much spontaneity as possible to the class; 2. we can give the class as much room as possible for debate and discussion; 3. in the true sense of the word, we can dismiss some of the traditional explanations to fight with what these words mean to us in the twentieth century, long gone from the Mediterranean culture and atmosphere; 4. with complete awareness of what we are doing we can insist mainly on asking questions and not placing a premium on the answers; 5. we can do this with the understanding that the members of the Bible class will be forced to use their own Christian-impregnated discretion and preferences in many aspects of their lives; 6. in other words, we do what we can to make the members of the Bible class re-write Scripture in their own terms and into their own experiences.

Sometimes the teacher is a major obstacle to this kind of operation. Check James 3 for the dangers of teaching and teachers. The information is embarrassing to most of us. A teacher who over-teaches and has a mania for teaching could be dangerous: 1. sometimes he is trying to re-create people in his own image and according to his own ideas; 2. his teaching may be polemical, designed to point up the weaknesses of other Christian groups or congregations; 3. sometimes a dangerous teacher is one who teaches more than he knows or is very wise about; 4. a teacher is a danger if he uses his authority to push his own point of view; 5. and it is simply out of place for the teacher to be "dogmatizingly contentious."

In the wider context of the Church at large, it seems almost disgraceful for any Christian to refer to any group of Christians, no matter what, as "odd-balls" or the lunatic fringe. It is even more distasteful when name-calling is carried on simultaneously with the hurling of Bible passages. When, as it is being done in so many churches and congregations around the United States, we use our role as teachers and preachers of the Scriptures to "rip the Communists up the back," or to keep belaboring Rome as the anti-Christ, this columnist personally feels we as teachers and preachers in the Church are treading on exceedingly dangerous ground. We all do it and have done it, but that really is not an excuse.

A Christian can really become a snob in a big hurry. It is so easy to tell people that "they have sinned and come short of the glory of God" as if we were members of some Christian Spiritual Union League Club. When we become too "hep" on our roles as Christians, we simply lull ourselves to sleep and to a false sense of security. It is even hard to write about the matter without pontificating. The non-Christian in turn pays very little attention.

It is indeed hard to keep in mind the following words and to act accordingly: "But the wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, open to reason, full of mercy and good fruits, without uncertainty and insincerity. And the harvest of righteousness is sown in peace by those who make the peace."

The Pilgrim

Professor Gockring

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"
—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

Omnium Gatherum

DURING the past summer there were a few hours when, pushed by feminine forces, I cleaned out shelves, desk drawers and forgotten files . . . The resulting catch was not much — but here and there I found a few notes, now almost a quarter of a century old — which reflected what I was saying and writing before Hitler and Eisenhower and Hiroshima and Sputnik . . . For their little worth, two samples . . .

Someone recently pointed out to us that there is an essential duality about life here on earth . . . It seems to proceed two by two — good and evil, light and darkness, night and day, cloud and sunshine . . . True . . . It is, however, an essential part of the Christian's life to remember, always and forever, that finally this duality ends in unity . . . When all is said and done and the noises of the world have followed the feet of those who made them into silence, there will be only one victory and it will belong to Him who said "Lo, I am with you alway." . . . Perhaps the following words from John Henry Newman's famous sermon, "The Invisible World," were written especially for those of us whose birthdays now come so swiftly: "We say day by day, 'Thy Kingdom come'; which means — O Lord, show Thyself; manifest Thyself; Thou that sittest between the Cherubim, show Thyself; stir up Thy strength and come and help us. The earth that we see does not satisfy us; it is but a beginning; it is but a promise of something beyond it; even when it is gayest, with all its blossoms on, and shows most touchingly what lies hid in it, yet it is not enough. We know much more lies hid in it than we see. A world of Saints and Angels, a glorious world, the palace of God, the mountain of the Lord of Hosts, the heavenly Jerusalem, the throne of God and Christ, all these wonders, everlasting, all-precious, mysterious, and incomprehensible, lie hid in what we see. What we see is the outward shell of an eternal kingdom; and on that kingdom we fix the eyes of our faith. Shine forth, O Lord, as when on Thy Nativity Thine Angels visited the shepherds; let Thy glory blossom forth as bloom and foliage on the trees; change with Thy mighty power this visible world into that diviner world, which as yet we see not; destroy what we see, that it may pass and be transferred into what we believe. Bright as is the sun, and the sky, and clouds; green as are the leaves and the fields; sweet as is the singing of the birds; we know that they are not all, and we will not take up with a part for the whole. They proceed from a center of love and goodness, which is God Himself; but they are not His fulness; they speak of heaven, but they are not heaven; they are but as stray beams and dim reflections of His image; they are but crumbs from the table. We are looking for the coming of the day of God."

* * *

We wander over to the University of Chicago chapel to hear a recital by Fritz Heitman, the famous organist at the Berliner Dom . . . The concert is confined to the forerunners and contemporaries of Johann Sebastian Bach — Scheidt, Boehm, Bruhns, Buxtehude, and the great Kantor himself . . .

First thought: Once more I am reminded that no towering historical figures rises suddenly from a plain like an isolated crag . . . There are always rolling hills before the mountain comes . . . The forerunners of Bach prepared the way for him just as the forerunners of every great figure in the story of man have prepared the way for the appearance of the man who was marked by destiny . . . Apparently the making of great figures in the story of man depends, under God, on the proper fusion of the time and the man . . .

Second thought: These Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century musicians had something which we have lost . . . a sure power, an elemental force of faith, and a tremendous sense of victory . . . To hear the *Modus Ludendi Pleno Organo Pedaliter* by Samuel Scheidt was an interesting experience . . . The pedals roared and the bourbons boomed . . . For the first time we heard the full resources of the chapel organ — and a good instrument it is . . . An unsuspecting undergraduate seated behind us offered the perfect criticism: "Them Germans sure know how to bear down." . . .

Third thought: The organist played the Chorale Variations on the tune "Awake, My Soul" by John Pachelbel . . . These beautiful variations were written by the composer after the loss of his family in the Plague . . . The note of triumph was tremendous . . . To see what has happened in the world in two hundred years, one would only have to compare these Chorale Variations composed in the shadow of death with such a thing as Chopin's *Funeral March* . . . There is a lesson in this . . . When life is dark, the fires have died and there seems to be no power left, perhaps the thing to do is to pull out all the stops and play as if heaven were coming down to earth . . . There is no room for Chopin's *Funeral March* in the work of the Church.